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The Week

THE facts in the great Balfour-Harvey controversy are now plain, though his Lordship's metaphysical "explanation" of his note of last August, in which he said that Great Britain was called on to guarantee loans from America for the use of the other Allies, only leaves the layman more bewildered than before. When we entered the war, as Messrs. McAdoo and Leffingwell have explained, an arrangement existed whereby each Ally financed purchases of war material made within its own borders. The United States accepted this plan, and made loans to the Continental Allies aggregating some six billion dollars, without any endorsement or guarantee from Great Britain or any one else. The British, however, had also financed purchases for the Allies in neutral countries and throughout the world; and now proposed to the United States that we accept the obligations of these other Allies in payment for British purchases of war material in this country. This we refused to do; and Great Britain continued to borrow from us, spending in the United States a large part (though not all) of the sums thus secured. She also continued to lend to her Allies, the aggregate of her loans being about twice as large as her debt to us.

IT is thus apparent that Lord Balfour, who has never been conspicuous as a financial expert, gravely misstated the case in his famous note. Ambassador Harvey is also guilty of an inadequate picture, since it is quite true that Great Britain borrowed from us, enabling her to make equally extensive loans, whereas we might have made these loans directly from our own resources. The net impression left by the episode must be one of regret that, at a moment when the British debt settlement has been accomplished and the accord between the two countries greatly improved thereby, our Ambassador at the Court of St. James's should have resumed his favorite occupation of throwing stones at glass houses. With affairs on the Continent going as they are, there is a real reason to deplore the development of needless animosities between Great Britain and the United States. Fortunately, no serious harm has been done in this case; but it is not Mr. Harvey's fault that this is so.

ONE problem of relief to which Americans have not given sufficient thought is the plight of the children of Russian refugees abroad. There are thousands of these refugee children, scattered all over Europe. A large proportion of them are orphans, and most of them are utterly destitute. They have to live on the charity of the peoples who have given them asylum, and most of the peoples of Europe are desperately poor. They are especially numerous in Germany and Poland, where the general misery puts adequate care for them entirely out of the question. The great majority of Americans applauded vigorously the action of the parents of these children in choosing

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exile in preference to submission to the Soviet régime. But the consequence of this action is that these poor little waifs are left to huddle together in Berlin or Warsaw basements and pick their living out of the offal of populations too poor to throw anything away. Was our sympathy with the anti-Bolshevists mere humbug, after all, a cheering on of the other fellow to tackle the monster and take the consequences? Or did we really care about the fate of these people? If we did we cannot stand idly by while these children, who ought to become an element of strength for the Russia of the future, perish or undergo irremediable physical degeneracy and moral corruption.

ARE Russians destined to perish in multitudes by famine this year or are they not? The information on the Russian food situation is conflicting. Allen T. Burns, writing in the Survey Graphic for March, states that after a three months' investigation as member of the National Information Bureau he is convinced that eight million people will starve before the next harvest unless relief feeding is continued and increased. Colonel Haskell of the Relief Administration, in a recent report to Mr. Hoover, places at one million the number of persons who would be seriously affected by famine if relief were withdrawn. Both Mr. Burns and Coloned Haskell are men whose opinions deservedly carry great weight. Both have had unusual opportunities for getting at the facts. They can't both be right, though. Mr. Hoover appears to have adopted Colonel Haskell's opinion as his own. That seems rather strange to us for one reason. Colonel Haskell's view is very nearly identical with the official view of the Soviet authorities. His report, according to press despatches from Moscow, was examined by Kamenev, who was in general agreement with its tenor. When Hoover and Kamenev are found in agreement the lion and the lamb must be very near an adjustment of their ancient differences.

FOR our own part, we suspect that the Soviet authorities, Colonel Haskell and Mr. Hoover are unduly optimistic. There may possibly be food enough in Russia to carry the whole population over to the next harvest. The Soviet estimate of 2,827,000,000 poods or about 1,900,000,000 bushels would indicate a general sufficiency. That would allow ten bushels per capita, with a generous allowance for seed; and the Russian population has never in history eaten ten bushels per capita. If the estimate is sound—which Mr. Burns doubts, as we do—there still remains the problem of distribution. The grain is in the hands of the peasants, and they will not give it up for nothing, nor in exchange for Bolshevik rubles. This may perhaps explain the policy of grain exports. It is better to send part of the grain abroad to buy industrial products that the peasant needs, than to leave all of it, subject to deterioration, in the peasants' bins. It is nevertheless a shocking thing that train loads of export grain should pass through districts where people are starving. Apologists for the Soviet government point out that this has happened in India again and again. Millions of Indians have perished of famine in years when food exports from India have been heavy. But the abuses of capitalistic imperialism are not an excuse which a proletarian régime can afford to lean on.

AN issue of national importance, namely constitutional rights in non-union coal fields, will be kept before the public this spring if the American Civil Liberties Union and its associated Citizens' Committee exhibit persistence. They had the energy to force through the first free speech meeting in Logan, West Virginia, in a county with an evil reputation for its number of publicly authorized gunmen paid by coal operators. Sheriff Don Chafin's ban on any public meeting concerning unions was lifted for a day. Chafin hid while the speakers were in town. An audience of 2,000 cheered. Now the Sheriff has restored the ban, citing an "aroused public spirit," by which he means the protests of the Logan American Legion officers. There is nothing left to do but to send the speakers in again; an office in Logan is being planned, to furnish information of their rights to the mining population and to collect for transmittance to the United States Coal Commission the exact facts in cases of violations. "If public attention flags, some of us folks will get shot." That is a startling message for Logan citizens to be sending out after their crime of cheering at the meeting. If there is one deputy sheriff to every twenty-three miners in Logan; if the United States Steel Corporation, the Holden interests of Cleveland and the Coolidge interests of Boston support the Logan Operators' Association which pays Chafin; if Chafin publicly names as "marked men" to be kept out of Logan with bullets if need be such possible visitors as President Keeney of the West Virginia miners; if these things are true then the Federal Coal Commission had better include them in the scope of its own field investigations instead of shying away from such action as "quite inappropriate."

EVERYONE is tired of hearing about the political prisoners whom the United States government still keeps behind the bars; but our fatigue does not make their plight any less deplorable, nor our duty as citizens to protest against the gross injustice of their continued incarceration any less plain. Senator Borah in his speech in New York last Sunday performed a useful service by reminding the country that there are fifty-three men still behind the bars for alleged offences against the Espionage Act, a law passed during the war exigency and long

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since repealed. Others sentenced under similar circumstances have been pardoned; and the continued failure of President Harding to act in the cases of the final fifty-three inevitably gives color to the belief that these men are being punished, not for their behavior during the war, but for their membership in the I. W. W. In any case, every consideration of justice, of common sense and above all, of the theory of democracy upon which our government is supposed to be based, demands that these prisoners be freed; and the less you agree with the political views they hold, the more clear is your duty to see that they are not punished for holding them. This is obviously the attitude of the group of distinguished men and women who aided the World War Veterans in organizing the meeting at which Senator Borah spoke. They were present as good Americans protesting against a continued violation of American principle.

Re-Writing the Treaty Downwards

LITTLE by little the French government is allowing to leak out the political and economic "settlement" which, if its allies and associates in the war permit, it will force on Germany by means of the Ruhr occupation. Its apparent intention is to rewrite the Treaty of Versailles so as to make it conform to the secret treaty between France and Russia and with the official French program at the Paris Conference. It proposes to detach the Rhine provinces from Germany, to establish some kind of supposedly neutral or buffer state under French military control, to set up the Rhine as the boundary line between France and Germany with all the bridge heads garrisoned by French troops, to annex the Saar Basin permanently to France, to reduce the indemnity to a smaller sum while keeping it well in excess of Germany's ability to pay, to appropriate a majority interest in the Ruhr industries as a part payment, to continue military occupation of the Ruhr as a precaution against the failure of the German government to live up to its promises, and finally to insist on retaining indefinitely the legal prerogative of France to occupy additional German territory whenever the Germans show any signs of insubordination. Economically and politically the German nation is to remain subject to the sovereign power and interest of France.

The French government pretends that the German Republic may accept these terms as the result of diplomatic negotiations; but, of course, it does not really expect any thing of the kind. It hopes, however, that by May 15th the Germans will be rendered desperate by the moral impossibility of signing away their independence on the one hand and by the physical impossibility of refusing on the other, and that they will spontaneously break out into some kind of violent resistance. This will enable the French to declare the existence of a legal state of war, to suppress the resistance and to force the provision of the proposed new "settlement" on some improvised and destitute German government. In this way they apparently hope to dispense with the consent of the other signatories of the Treaty of Versailles to its revision and to the setting up of the final legal incarnation of "La Victoire Intégrale" and of the "New Europe."

It looks as if nothing could prevent the French from carrying through this program except some inflexible and vehement opposition, and up till now no such opposition has appeared above the horizon. The poor mannikin with a big, bulging chest that is governing Italy has allowed his country, which has everything to lose from French hegemony in Europe, to be tied as an insignificant, fluttering tail to the French kite. The Little Entente are still satellites of France and are willing to give her a free hand provided their title to the fruits of their political profiteering under the Treaty is not questioned. The major premise of British foreign policy under Mr. Bonar Law is the principle that Great Britain must not break with France or take any overt action to thwart the French plans. The major premise of American foreign policy under Messrs. Harding and Hughes is to do nothing and to say nothing which might create serious dissension in the Republican party. The only groups in the United States which are strongly in favor of a policy of action will not oppose France. They seek to make the American government responsible for dealing with a political and economic debacle in Europe which, as they are willing to accept it for correction, is essentially incorrigible. They will not squarely face the truth that France under totally different circumstances is wrong now as she was under Louis XIV or Napoleon I. If Americans are to undertake the job of helping to restore Europe, they simply cannot begin by apologizing for the French behavior as an amiable and justifiable aberration and by recognizing the French occupation of the Ruhr as a piece of valuable diplomatic goods for trading purposes. They will not make any headway with the job unless they propose as their first objective the evacuation of the Ruhr. At present there is almost no American opinion in favor of such a policy.

There remains the possibility of German resistance. The Germans, it is reported, have come to despair of obtaining effectual assistance from any other people. They are now engaged in mustering their resources and screwing up their courage to maintain indefinitely their present passive opposition. It does not look as if they can possibly hold out without finally taking refuge in some kind of guerilla warfare, but there is a forlorn chance that they will not succumb either to violence or to

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acquiescence. As long as there is a chance of their holding out, they certainly deserve all the moral support and practical aid which the uncompromising friends of peace and Christian good will in other countries can extend to them. It is a colossal piece of historic irony that the German people who owed their political unification to a series of successful wars fought under the leadership of the Prussian monarchy and military squirearchy should now have to vindicate their right to survive as a self-respecting nation by fighting with bare hands against an irresistible array of bayonets, seventy-fives, machine-guns and tanks. They are substituting protestations, tears and their naked breasts for Bismarck's blood and iron. It is a grievous and pitiful spectacle for which there is only one consolation. Sooner or later if war was to be discredited and the Christian vision of fair-dealing and good will to obtain any authority among men it was necessary for some unfortunate people to testify on behalf of non-military resistance, to endure the scourging of their bodies and the starving of their aged, their sick and their children rather than abandon the future welfare of their country to the tender mercy of an irresistible and implacable enemy. It is a disarmed Germany which is now carrying on the war to end war by her foes. She is carrying it on in anger, fear and humiliation and without any faith in her impotent weapons, but, willy-nilly, she is fighting with the only weapons by which it will eventually be won.

What the German people are fighting for is the right, even if they are not armed, to have something positive to say about the disposition of their property and lives. The Treaty of Versailles deprived them of that right and the French government, even though it may now be straining its legal powers under the Treaty by occupying the Ruhr, is acting in conformity with the spirit of that instrument and with the method by which it was imposed on Germany. The French now propose to revise the Treaty for the purpose of removing the obstacles which still stand in the way of treating Germany in any way which French interests excuse; and by so doing they necessarily ask the decisive question whose answer may be calamitous for Germany but which in that case will be calamitous also for France. They ask whether a radical revision of the Treaty is not demanded by the disorder and the expense which the occasional pretence of consulting Germany, called for by that document, so unnecessarily brings with it. The French have raised the question in the hope of getting rid of what remains of the German right and power to resist; and having raised it themselves, it will and should remain an open question until it is answered right. In one way or another the Treaty must be revised. The French propose a revision which will leave them for the time being undisputed masters of Germany and the European continent. The Germans are proposing in effect a revision which will secure to them the right in the future to be honestly consulted about their own welfare and destiny. They deserve the support of British and American liberals. The existing disorder is directly traceable to the abandonment during the Peace Conference by the British and American representatives of the fundamental principle of democratic and Christian politics—which is government by consent. If they wish to correct the disorder and contribute to European recovery they will have to insist on the restoration to Germany of the right of self-determination. Otherwise when the French have their triumphal procession through the streets of Paris to celebrate the victory of French military prowess over subjugated Germany, they will place in a cart, containing the captives destined for final execution, one emaciated and shame-faced little figure labelled "President Wilson's War Aims."

The Dilemma of the Party Politicians

THE first of the two Congresses which assemble during President Harding's administration has come to an unregretted and somewhat ignoble end. If the American people were asked to write its epitaph, they would declare themselves to be much better satisfied with its death than they were with its life; and this uncomplimentary verdict would be no less acceptable to the rotary clubs and the chambers of commerce than to the trades-unions and the granges. In fact we imagine that if the members of the extinct body itself were capable of telling frankly what they thought of their performances, they would admit to a puzzled discontent with their own ineptitude. The practice of politics is satisfactory to politicians chiefly when it provides them with opportunity of exercising power smoothly and successfully. But during most of the last two sessions of Congress the Republicans enjoyed all the responsibilities of government and few of the compensations. Although they disposed of an overwhelming majority in both houses, their leaders were rarely able to agree with one another or with the President about what they could or should do with it. The Republican politicians realize what a poor appearance their party has put up as a responsible and effective governing body, but the realization has not spurred them to experiment with remedies. They fear that, if they try too strenuously to unite the party in policy and effective conviction, they will decimate it in numbers.

The American citizen to whom the passing of the old Congress is a source of the most unalloyed satisfaction is President Harding. He has suffered

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from its society almost uninterruptedly since the beginning of his term, and again and again it has turned and stung him in some exposed and tender spot. He does not like it. Early in his term Edward Lowry pictured him in the New Republic as the "Great Emollient," and to his own fond imagination he undoubtedly looms as a benefactor who was elected to heal the divisions of a distracted country with the spirit of peace, good will and mutual accommodation. His supreme task of conciliation was to close the breach between Congress and the executive which yawned so menacingly towards the end of the second term of his predecessor. Such is the vision of himself according to which the President has honestly tried to live, yet we doubt whether in the history of the United States a president has ever been more completely alienated from a Congress controlled by his own party, than Mr. Harding has been from that body whose term has just expired. Only the President's Christian disposition to turn the other cheek whenever Congress slapped him on the face, as it did once a month, has prevented the outbreak of war between the legislature and the executive.

President Harding's partisan enemies have attacked him savagely for the lack of enterprise, imagination and leadership in his administration of the national business. The savageness of the attack, which may have had the appearance of being excessive considering the President's amiability and good intentions, was justified at least in part as a reprisal for the cruelty and bitterness of the earlier Republican assaults on ex-President Wilson. A not unreasonable way of vindicating the bold initiative and the idealistc scope of Mr. Wilson's policy was to pour scorn and contempt on the timidity, the poverty and the unintelligence of a successor in whose hands every problem became a liability instead of an opportunity. Yet justified under the circumstances as the bitterness of these attacks may be, those Americans who are not irretrievably partisan and who are unable to consider the election of a Democratic president in the fall of 1924 as the all-important desideratum in American politics should recognize that neither the President nor Congress is wholly responsible for their joint and several failures. They are the victims of the abnormal post-war psychological and economic conditions which swept them into supreme power and at the same time placed insuperable difficulties in the way of its constructive or even tolerable exercise.

Considering the state of mind in which the American nation emerged from the war and the discrepancy between its political machinery and habits and the recent innovations in its economic and social life, there has been during the past two years, except on a few special occasions, no positive and aggressive leadership possible either in domestic or foreign politics. A Roosevelt or a Wilson who had started out to unite a majority of the American people in support of an enterprising but unfamiliar policy would have failed worse than Mr. Harding did in his own chosen rôle as the great lubricator and conciliator. The American nation is as puzzled about the conduct which it ought to adopt in the interest of its own future welfare and that of Europe as it was puzzled in 1845 how it ought to behave with respect to slavery. For the moment it is impossible to persuade it, to coax it, to beguile it or to rush it into decisive and constructive action. The confusion in the mind of the Republican party merely reflects the confusion in popular opinion.

If President Harding had proposed a positive policy of any scope and energy, he would have failed just as completely as he has failed in his futile and ill-advised essays in leadership. He would not only have failed, but he would in consequence of having tried, have incurred a serious risk of tearing his party to pieces. The Republicans did not realize what a composite and divided group they had become as a result both of the insincerity of their reunion after the progressive split of 1912 and of the superannuation of their favorite ideas until they sought to concentrate sufficient support for the passage of a specific legislative program. The attempt to exercise power rent them into sectional, cultural and economic factions which would not subordinate the welfare of the party to the success and realization of their own special interests.

The semblance of agreement in principle which during the campaign of 1920 Mr. Harding tried to give to partisan Republicanism proved to be as illusory as Mr. Wilson's "New Freedom" was from 1913 to 1916 as the basis in principle for a revived Democracy. Mr. Harding's Republicanism, like Mr. Bonar Law's Conservatism was negative, standpat, cautious and opportunist. He proposed to economize, to reduce taxation, to avoid new responsibilities, to take the government out of business and to put business into the government. The general idea was to conduct the country back to those happy days of pre-Roosevelt Americanism, in which the lion of organized business slept comfortably with the lamb of public interest, and safe and popular Republican exhorters blessed and praised the union.

He has made a little progress with part of this program. He released business from the burden of the excess profits tax and he has done his best with some slight success to economize. But the economies are small compared to the hopes and expectations of his opulent followers, and the ordinary middle class American citizen is taxed as heavily as he was in 1919. For the rest no amount of lubrication and good intentions will reverse the machinery and enable a perverse new generation to return to the golden age of McKinley. The lion

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of business and the lamb of the public interest can no longer sleep together. They are irritable and disposed to kick each other out of bed. The Republicans no less than the Democrats, as soon as they find any part of the industrial mechanism running too fast or too slow, fall back on legislation. The process of using the credit, the resources or the power of the government to protect some part of the American public from either the extortions or failures of private business have been carried further during the past two years than ever before in American history—war excepted. Yet the Republicans have only scratched the surface. With respect to the railroads, the cost of living, the conflict between capital and labor, unemployment and coal, the existing mechanism is breaking down. The nation must depend in part on the government for a substitute. Yet it is sharply divided as to what it would like the government to do. Imperative necessities will also soon call for a still more active and decisive measure of intervention in European policies. But the tradition in American public life which Mr. Harding wished to revive in 1920 and to which he still cleaves does not welcome this kind of intervention and American public opinion is not prepared for it. Mr. Harding himself is a conciliatory rather than a pugnacious man who, even if he believed in a progressive policy, would feel conscientious scruples against putting it over on his hesitating fellow countrymen. What can the poor man do?

He will have to try to do something bold and captivating between now and the assembling of the Republican National Convention in June 1924. The pressure on him to demonstrate Republican solidarity and competency in some dramatic way and so enable the party to regain its lost prestige will be almost irresistible. Yet we doubt whether it will succeed. Mr. Harding is what he is. He was not chosen to play an aggressive and heroic part. If he tries he will continue to fumble. There seems to be during the next two years no primrose path for him. He will either fail to be nominated or, if nominated, he will fail to be elected. Of these two results the first is the more desirable, but the second is the more probable. Unless he himself withdraws, the Republican party will not allow itself to become seriously involved in the bitter fight which will be necessary to defeat him for renomination. It is a great pity that he does not withdraw. His abdication would throw the nomination open to all comers and enable the party to discuss its differences with less bitterness, to forget its inglorious immediate past and to prepare its mind for dealing with the unmanageable future. It might even enable the party to nominate an alternative candidate like Senator Borah, under whose leadership it might move towards the recovery of its popularity and its effectiveness as a governing corporation. It is improbable, however, either that the President will abdicate or if he does, that the Republican politicians will consent to the nomination of an unsafe (that is progressive) candidate.

Such being the outlook, the government of the country seems bound to pass temporarily to the Democrats. Are the Democrats any more able and willing to propose a domestic and foreign policy which will meet the needs of a difficult and complicated situation than the Republicans? Their behavior in opposition during the last two sessions of Congress does not encourage very much confidence in their political adequacy. But there is one chance. They are more amenable to aggressive personal leadership than the Republicans and perhaps a leader will appear. The only existing candidate who seems to possess some of the necessary qualities is Mr. McAdoo. He will have to repeat the job which Mr. Wilson did in 1912—that is, persuade party associates for whom he is too radical and aggressive to nominate him as under the circumstances the logical and probably successful candidate. It will be a difficult job and he will probably fail, but he will put up a pretty fight.

Legal Lynching and the Constitution

IN our own account last week of the decision by the Supreme Court in the case of the five Arkansas Negroes who were condemned to death for the alleged murder of Clinton Lee, we were unable on account of space to discuss the significance of the decision. It seems to many lawyers very much like a reversal of the Frank decision a few years ago. In the Frank case the Supreme Court was faced with facts fully as strong as in Morse vs. Dempsey, but refused to interfere. It declared that the requirements of the due process clause were satisfied where the trial preserved the forms of law and where there was adequate appellate machinery for correcting errors. Justices Holmes and Hughes dissented from this decision, saying that it was the duty of the Court

> to declare lynch law as little valid when practiced by a regularly drawn jury as when administered by one elected by a mob intent on death,

no matter what the Supreme Court of a state may have said.

This view seemed to us at the time and seems now to be correct. The proceedings in the trial court, being in violation of the Constitution, were wholly void and neither the forms of law nor the review by an upper court could give them validity. Now by the intervention of death, resignations and a change of view by two judges, the Court

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seems to have accepted Justice Holmes's opinion. At least Justice McReynolds in his dissenting opinion says that the minority view in the Frank case has prevailed and both the facts and the language of the opinion bear him out. For if the fact of appellate review satisfied the requirements of due process of law, as the Frank case held, it would seem that the five Negroes received their constitutional rights. They had the same review before an appellate court that Frank had. Indeed Justice McReynolds points out that the same court which affirmed their convictions, twice reversed convictions of Negroes charged with committing murders during the same disorders. Justice Holmes makes no effort to show that the appellate review was in any way less adequate than that in the former case. For all practical purposes he rejects this view of the law although perfunctorily dipping his colors to it, and restates what he said in the earlier case:

> We assume in accordance with that (the Frank) case that the corrective process supplied by the State may be so adequate that interference by *habeas corpus* ought not to be allowed. . . . But if the case is that the whole proceeding is a mask—that counsel, jury and judge were swept to the fatal end by an irresistible wave of public passion, and that the State courts failed to correct the wrong, neither perfection in the machinery for correction nor the possibility that the trial court and counsel saw no other way of avoiding an immediate outbreak of the mob can prevent this court from securing to the petitioners their constitutional rights.

This view that the Fourteenth Amendment guarantees to every man the substance of a trial according to law as well as the form seems to Justice McReynolds merely making possible another delay in the administration of our criminal law, already "a national scandal." It has also been objected that a man is entitled only to the justice which the community gives him and that the federal government cannot undertake the task of civilizing the whole country in spite of the wishes of the local communities.

Now there may be a great deal of wisdom in these objections as views of desirable policy, but the federal government has already committed itself to a policy which concluded the matter for the court in this case of all cases. It would be hard to imagine a situation which was more clearly within the scope of the Fourteenth Amendment, born in the reconstruction period, than this judicial murder of five Negroes by an enraged white population—if the facts bear out what the petition states. But quite aside from the historical appeal in the color of the petitioners, there is patent absurdity in the contention that the solemn guarantee by the federal government that no state shall take a man's life without due process of law means merely that the forms of law must be observed. For if the forms of law are not observed the action is not the action of the state but of a mob, and the Court has often decided that the Fourteenth Amendment is not a guarantee against the acts of individuals but only against those of state governments. The Amendment therefore guarantees nothing. If one gets a judicial lynching, that is legally unassailable, and if one gets an ordinary lynching the Amendment does not apply. Justice Holmes has rescued the Court from this absurd position. By stating what the Fourteenth Amendment requires, he has written an opinion which will rank with those in which he has stated what it does not require.

The Pennsylvania's Lost Case

THE decision of the Supreme Court in the case of the Pennsylvania Railroad against the United States Railroad Labor Board came too late to be of any practical value to the dispute which occasioned it, but it did not come too late to illuminate the injustice to railroad workers, the damage to the public, and the probable future confusion which the labor policy of the Pennsylvania involves.

The story of the controversy has been told many times. The Pennsylvania, in accordance with its traditional anti-union bias, refused after the termination of federal control to confer with the officials of the shop craft unions. Instead it installed an employe representation scheme of its own, under which it distributed ballots and insisted that no person not an employe could be elected as a representative. The unions demanded recognition of the right of the men to vote for an organization to represent them, but the management refused. The shop crafts organizations therefore declined to participate in the company's election, and the representatives elected under the company scheme were chosen by a minority of the men. The unions held their own elections, in which the organizations were designated as representatives by a majority of the shop employes. The management nevertheless proceeded to confer only with the minority representatives, and the unions took the matter before the Labor Board.

The Labor Board upheld the right of the majority to choose their own representatives and to supervise their own elections, but ordered a new election to which the railroad, however, refused to consent. When it became apparent that the Labor Board was about to censure the road for refusal to comply, the Pennsylvania procured an injunction against the Board preventing publication of the censure. It was the litigation over this injunction which the Supreme Court has at last decided against the railroad. The Labor Board is now at perfect liberty to pass censure.

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The Pennsylvania Railroad is a rich and powerful corporation. Before the war it had used every device at its command to prevent the independent organization of its shop employees. Under federal control these devices could not be employed, and the shopmen began to flood the unions. But after federal control and during the depression, when it was made perfectly clear that the company had a virtually free hand, some degree of success was bound to attend its renewed warfare.

The injunction against the Labor Board held the unions at bay while fortifications could be raised. The Pennsylvania shop crafts took a strike vote, but did not exercise it at once in view of the unfavorable industrial situation of a year ago. During this period also the road was contracting out a large part of its repair work to non-union shops, at increased expense to itself, a fact brought out by an Interstate Commerce Commission investigation. The occasion was used to "furlough" as many active union men as possible. Meanwhile negotiations with the minority representatives continued, and since the scheme was in active competition with bona fide union recognition on other roads the management exerted itself to please the men. It contrived to grant slightly better wages or conditions than were handed down by the Labor Board for all other roads, where the unions had carried the appeal to the highest authority. This was the situation when the national shop strike broke.

In spite of all the efforts of the management, and in spite of the fact that no new strike vote was taken on the Pennsylvania, over one half the shopmen of the road were out at the peak of the strike. This is shown by careful comparison of the statistics issued by both sides, though the company claims that not more than one third of its men quit. An energetic recruiting campaign filled the shops again after a few months, though not with fully competent men, nor with enough of them.

While the settled roads have materially improved the conditions of their equipment, the Pennsylvania's abnormally large quota of locomotives out of order on July 15th, 19.5 per cent, had been reduced only to 19.2 per cent on February 1st. There have been many breakdowns on its lines, and its net income has suffered.

During all this time General Atterbury, Vice President of the Pennsylvania in charge of labor policy, had almost single-handed converted some of the more important railroad executives to an anti-union policy. It was he who prevented the formation of National Boards of Adjustment, which would have embodied genuine collective bargaining and would have relieved the Labor Board of the heaviest part of its burden. It was he who raised the slogan "Make no contracts whatever with the labor organizations," and secured the abrogation of the national agreements. It is hardly too much to say that if it had not been for Mr. Atterbury's labor policy on the Pennsylvania and elsewhere, the shop strike would not have occurred. At least it could easily have been settled.

Is the result worth the sacrifice? Does it make an enduring contribution to constitutional government of industry? The widespread propaganda of the Pennsylvania, the speeches on the "Rights of Those Who Labor" by Mr. Atterbury, the boosting of employe representation as if it were quite a new thing in industrial relations which could not be duplicated under union recognition, comprise a valiant attempt to impress the tender-minded. But those who remember the terrific cost of the strike, and who bethink themselves that on more than half the railroad mileage of the country the legitimate shop unions are now recognized with satisfactory results, will question Mr. Atterbury's elaborate defence.

For the present, it is certain that few other roads which have followed the lead of the Pennsylvania have been able to pull through nearly as well. In January, for instance, the Lehigh Valley, the New Haven and the Delaware and Hudson showed large deficits, and these three roads, plus the Lackawanna and the Jersey Central, were altogether $4,302,000 behind January 1922, in net earnings. This during a month of general railroad recovery when for example the Baltimore and Ohio had a net income of $2,086,000 more than January a year ago, the New York Central $916,000 more, the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul $2,291,000 more. In view of the records of these and other roads which have reestablished friendly relations with the shopmen, it is clear that the anti-union policy has been generally a failure even in reducing expense.

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The American Law Institute

At a representative meeting of the bench and bar of America held in Washington on February 23rd, there was formed the American Law Institute. The avowed object of the Institute is to "promote the classification and simplification of the law and its better adaptation to social needs, to secure the better administration of justice, and to encourage and carry on scholarly and scientific legal work." The formation of the Institute is significant of the growing recognition by the legal profession of the fact that we in America are in many ways living in a state of legal chaos, and that it is becoming increasingly difficult for both courts and attorneys to find their way through the maze of conflicting decisions and statutes.

It is difficult for one who is not familiar with our law and its history to appreciate the full extent of the evils which the founders of the Institute hope to alleviate, if not to cure. To begin with, it is necessary to realize that there is no such thing as an American law, in the same sense that there is an English law. When the American colonies separated from the mother country and formed the Union, they delegated to the federal government only limited legislative power, thus bringing it about that by far the larger part of our law is state law. The original states adopted as the basis of their law the common law of England, so far as applicable to the social and industrial conditions of a new country. As successively new states were created from the western territory nearly all did the same thing, the exceptions consisting of Louisiana and to some extent other states carved out of the Lousiana Purchase, where the Roman law influence made itself felt. Now, the common law of England thus adopted was judge-made law, i. e., law established by the decisions of the English courts, as distinguished from statutory law. Its "principles" therefore were to be discovered only by carefully piecing together a vast multitude of concrete decisions. In this process it was possible for equally able lawyers to reach differing statements of the "principles" supposed to embody the common law.

This being so, the inevitable happened. In its original home in England, the common law was to be found in the decisions of the courts of a single jurisdiction, at the head of which stood as the final court of appeal the House of Lords. In that country, therefore, the phrase "common law" meant and still means the rules and principles of law established by the courts of a single sovereignty, i. e., a unified system of law. In America, on the other hand, the determination of what the principles of the common law were and of how they should be developed and adapted to American life was entrusted not to the tribunals of a single jurisdiction, but to a large number of independent jurisdictions, each entitled to make up its own mind upon the question. Starting with the same English cases, the state courts at once began at many points to make conflicting decisions. That this should happen was inevitable. From the nature of things the legal principles and rules established by judicial decisions — or indeed those established by statute — cannot be clear-cut and definite, making exact provision for every possible combination of circumstances. Moreover, if judges are to make of our law a living, growing organism, adapting it to the changing needs of society, they must, as they do, have the power to change and alter it by the gradual process of judicial legislation. Consequently, with nearly fifty independent courts of last resort, all possessing equal authority, the number of instances in which different courts reach differing results as to the common law is bound to increase from year to year. While the common law of one state bears a strong family resemblance to that in other states, at innumerable points it differs, so that, if by law we mean a body of rules and principles actually enforced by courts, we cannot speak of American common law, but only of the common law of Massachusetts, of New York, or of some other state.

When an American lawyer has a case presented to him for decision, if he finds a decision squarely in point in his own state, his task is relatively easy, unless, as sometimes happens, he has reason to suspect that this decision would not be followed by the Supreme Court of his state as now constituted. On the other hand, if there is no decision in his own state upon the point in question, he seeks to ascertain the common law by consulting the decisions of other common-law jurisdictions. Here, more often than not, he encounters conflicting decisions, often by courts of equal standing and legal ability. He will, of course, select the cases from states which have adopted the rule favorable to his side of the case; the opposing attorney will do likewise. The perplexed judges of the particular state court will, thus, have to choose between the two conflicting common-law rules. When they look to legal authors for help in making up their minds how to decide the case, they will at once be confronted by the fact that, except in a few instances, there will be found no book in which all the relevant and analogous decisions of their own state are first collected and then, after analysis and discussion, pieced together into a more or less harmonious system. For, be it noted, nearly all American treatises upon law are devoted to expounding, not the law of a particular state, but the American law in general. That is, the attempt is

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made to set forth a somewhat mythical American common law to be found in decisions gathered from all the states, and which is not as such in force in any state. In view of the vast number of state decisions, any given text can cite only a few upon each point, so that it is unlikely that all or even a majority of the cases in any given state are cited and discussed. Herein lies the reason for the fact that the task of the American judge is infinitely more difficult than that of the English judge. The latter can find in every instance a number of carefully reasoned texts in which authors of ability have cited, critically discussed and pieced into some kind of rational system nearly every important English decision in the field under investigation. The American judge, on the other hand, is almost never sure that he has not overlooked some of the prior relevant decisions in his own state, or that, if he has read the decisions, he has fully grasped their significance as guides to the best solution of the problem before him.

In a few fields, chiefly those of commercial law, the difficulties of the situation have to some extent been done away with by the drafting and adoption by the state legislatures of so-called uniform state laws. These laws have to a considerable extent, where adopted, promoted uniformity. This, however, is by no means complete. Since it is not possible to draft laws in language which needs no interpretation, it is clear that if we allow forty-eight courts of last resort to interpret doubtful or ambiguous passages independently, we are bound to have conflicting decisions. Moreover, it has proven difficult to get legislatures in many instances to adopt the uniform statutes.

In recent years the amount of litigation has enormously increased, and the number of judicial decisions has grown by leaps and bounds. A portion of this additional litigation is due to the increase in population; another portion to the growing complexity of the economic structure of society. As a result, we have our nearly fifty courts of final resort grinding out larger and larger numbers of decisions every year. To do his work well the American lawyer or judge must, at least where he has no previous decision in his own state to guide him, explore this vast and ever growing wilderness of cases. Chaos and confusion have resulted; lawyers have found it almost impossible to advise their clients or to predict what the outcome of litigation will be.

It is in the hope of finding at least a partial solution of the difficulties thus created that the American Law Institute has been formed. The initiative was taken by a voluntary committee of judges, lawyers and law teachers called together at the invitation of the Association of American Law Schools. To a representative gathering of several hundred members of the legal profession, held on February 23rd in Washington, a carefully prepared program was submitted. This program, with slight modification in details, was adopted, and the Institute formally created. It is to be a permanent body, meeting annually. Its membership will consist of the Chief Justice of the United States and the Associate Justices of the Supreme Court, the senior Federal Judge of each of the Federal Circuit Courts of Appeals, the Attorney General and the Solicitor General of the United States, the Chief Justice of the highest court of each state, the president and the ex-presidents of The American Bar Association and the members of its executive committee and general council, the president of each state bar association, the dean of each school belonging to the Association of American Law Schools, the president of each of a number of learned legal societies, the chairman or senior member of the Commissioners on Uniform State Laws in each state, the president of the National Conference of Commissioners on Uniform State Laws, and other lawyers and law teachers elected by the Institute. The governing body will be a Council, consisting as at present constituted of twenty-one members, elected by the Institute for nine-year terms, one-third retiring every three years.

The practical work of the Institute will be put in charge of a director, who is to be paid an adequate salary. The Council will select for investigation certain branches of the law. An expert in the particular branch selected will be appointed and asked for the time being to devote the whole or the major part of his time to the matter. He will be paid a reasonable salary and will be furnished with the necessary clerical and other assistance. His first task will be to collect all the decisions from all the states in the field under investigation; his second, to formulate these into general rules and principles. It will, of course, turn out that on a very large number of points there are conflicting rules in the different states. His third task, therefore, will be to discuss the relative merits of the conflicting views and to indicate which one is the "best." The work of the expert will at intervals be submitted to a small advisory committee of other experts in the same subject. When completed, this restatement of the law will be presented to the Council and finally to the Institute itself for criticism and suggestion. When finally revised, it will be published.

It is the hope of those who have led in the formation of the Institute that an authoritative statement of this kind will lead the judges of our courts of last resort to adopt, so far as they can do so without departing too far from their own past decisions, the "best" rule, thus endorsed by the Institute, and that in this way a tendency to greater uniformity can be brought about. It has also been suggested that possibly legislatures could be induced to give to the restatements of the law by the Institute, not the force of a code, but an authority before the courts equal to past deci-

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sions. If this were done, there would of course be much greater likelihood that the restatements would produce the desired results.

To what extent the plan, if carried out as outlined, will produce the hoped-for results, no one can now say. One or two difficulties are obvious. Some of the legal problems upon which the greatest conflict of authority exists involve very clearly questions of economic and social policy upon which there exist great differences of opinion. In the program laid before the Institute it was stated that fields of this kind are to be excluded from the work of restatement. This limitation will, therefore, exclude from the work of the Institute suggestions looking to improvements involving fundamental changes in social or industrial policy.

Another difficulty, and one the importance of which is not brought out in the report laid before the Institute, is that a wise selection of the "best" rule will involve in many cases a knowledge of economic facts which the legal experts will not have. Suppose, for example, the choice lies between permitting or not permitting the manufacturer and seller of books, hats or victrolas to fix the price at which these articles shall be resold. Ostensibly the object of a decision either way is to promote competition. Here it would seem to be necessary to call in other than legal experts to determine, if possible, whether in the long run legitimate competition is or is not promoted by one or the other of the competing rules. The same will be true in numberless other instances, for our modern industrial and financial machine is so complex that only an expert student of it can intelligently estimate what effects are being produced, or probably will be produced, upon it by a given rule of law. Lawyers or law teachers are naturally not such experts. Neither, it should at once be stated, are the old type of economists, who have very frequently spent their time in their offices, developing economic theories without first gathering the data upon which to base them. In many fields, therefore, it will be necessary to obtain the cooperation of real economic experts in gathering and interpreting the necessary data before a choice of the "best" rule can be made. (By "economic expert" is meant a person who is trained in getting at and in interpreting the meaning of the facts relating to our industrial and financial organization.)

When all that the Institute can do has been done, it may very possibly turn out that no great uniformity or lessening of confusion can be obtained by the methods proposed. If so, we shall have to find some other way to relieve the bench, the bar and the country as a whole from the present intolerable situation. In the meantime, the movement inaugurated by the formation of the Institute deserves the cordial support of the legal profession and of the country at large.

WALTER WHEELER COOK.

Political Combination or Legal Cooperation?

READERS of Mr. Lansing's account of diplomacy at Versailles will recollect one conflict of principles which may be disentangled from its accompanying personal complications. Mr. Lansing stood for a legal approach and settlement; Mr. Wilson for a political method and solution. Independently of the fact that both of them neglected the economic phase of the situation, and apart from the wisdom of special legal and political measures to which each was committed, there is a genuine problem behind such a difference of attitude. Politics and law are closely tied together; they cannot ultimately be severed. But as methods of approach to a social situation they may be as far apart as the poles.

From the standpoint of the tactics of propaganda, the advocates of American participation in the League of Nations have so far had the advantage. An already formulated political policy was in the field and there was no alternative of legal method before the world. This condition of affairs was corrected when Senator Borah introduced his resolution committing the United States to the outlawry of war, through a revision of international law and provision for an international court. Aside from its tremendous general importance, the proposal has a special interest for readers of this journal; the idea of outlawry of war first saw the light of day in the New Republic for March 9, 1918, in an article by Mr. Levinson of Chicago.

Senator Borah's proposition is one which advocates of the League of Nations should favor. They may not think it goes far enough, but they can hardly deny that whether with a League or without one, it presents an indispensable measure of international cooperation. Since the main hold of the League idea upon the American people lies in a belief or at least a hope that somehow it will help end war, only the inconsistency born of partisanship will prevent the pro-Leaguers from rallying to its support. At the same time, the provisions of the resolution are so independent of the notion of a League that they help us in drawing a contrast between the political and the judicial methods of dealing with international disputes.

As some of us see the matter, the political approach to the abolition of war is hopeless—at least at the present time. For it falls back upon and relies upon exactly the same forces that in the past have produced wars. The unified organization and mutual cooperation of allied nations during the war created an illusion of real unity to which many fell victims, myself among the number. For those who thought that there really was such a unity in existence, no question was more natural than to ask: Why not maintain, why not

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carry over into peace this same unity of interest and effort? Why not utilize, with some necessary changes, the mechanism of administration that unified action during the war, to unify policies after the war? If cooperation was required to win the war, the same kind of cooperation is needed to maintain peace and put an end to war. Of course thoughtful people saw the difficulty, theoretically not insuperable, which lay in bringing into this organization the allied nations on the other side. But post-war conditions have made it clear that the problem with respect to former foes is only a special instance of the insuperable difficulty that existed among the Allies themselves. The conditions of war time merely covered up for the time being vast historically rooted antagonisms of policy which, as soon as the pressure of war was removed, inevitably came to the surface.

There have been plenty of preachments that the Allies should maintain war unity in peace time, plenty of lamentations that they have not done so. But all of them were words, words. The older conflicts remained, not only in all their ancient force but actually increased by the war. For there was effected a hegemony of France on the continent which is almost as Napoleonic as that against which Great Britain waged long war, and which is contrary to her whole political tradition. The old balance of power was shattered. Economic exhaustion and the necessity of recuperation sharpened the older competition of interests, and the questions of how to distribute reparations afforded standing occasions of friction. The only practicable way to have carried wartime unity over into time of peace would have been a voluntary continuation of that subordination of other nations to France which was a military and geographical necessity in war time. Here, there is some act of France to be regretted; there, some act of England, and so on. But everything that has occurred and is occurring in Europe is simply a manifestation of forces that go back for centuries in the history of Europe. They are not special acts to be deplored; they are symptoms of forces to be understood.

When certain means have proved that they lead to conflict and friction, it is the part of elementary prudence to seek other means which will cut under or go around the forces that cause the trouble. Only stupendous thoughtlessness will assume that if we whip up these same means into increased energy or manipulate them in some mechanical way, they will suddenly begin to operate for totally different ends. The political case is summed up in the fact that it assumes and rests upon the legality of war as the ultimate method of settling disputes. It is no accident that the Constitution of the League of Nations definitely contemplates and even prescribes coercive physical force, economic and military, as the final sanction for making its will prevail. In doing so, it is only running true to political form. The fact that in effect the exercise of this force is not lodged in the League as a whole but in the five chief nations among the victorious Allies is again a necessity if the question is approached in terms of politics. A world which legitimizes recourse to war will always be on the verge of war.

What are the alternatives? One is complete reorganization of the world, especially upon the economic side. There are those who say that war will not cease till its "causes" are eliminated. Since these causes are mainly or wholly economic and industrial, it is then argued that radical transformation of our system of industry and commerce is the only way to avert the constant menace of war.

Even its most ardent advocates must admit, however, that this method is remote in attainment. Its more logical adherents even insist that a long period of civil strife as well as of foreign "capitalistic" wars must precede its attainment. For the present, accordingly, it is only a counsel of despair and do-nothing. There remains one other method: that of the courts, of law and judicial procedure. There is some reason to share the current depreciation of legal systems and concepts. But only the blindly sceptical will allow their aversion to certain methods of law as it now is to prevent their seeing that, in human history, law is the sole alternative to resort to force, individual and collective, as a method for arranging disputes due to conflict of interests.

There is at least one objection which advocates of a League of Nations cannot make against Borah's resolution. They cannot argue that it is impracticable and impossible. If nations will not carry their willingness to cooperate to the negative and formal point of outlawing war and the positive point of providing an international supreme court, it is ridiculous to suppose that they will go to the extreme required for constructive political cooperation. If they can come to no agreement when meeting under no pressure of threatened crisis, and under cold and formal auspices of legality, they will surely not agree when a crisis is actually at hand and the air is tense with fear, suspicion and cupidity. To the confirmed sceptic and cynic there is no conclusive answer. But everyone else will be moved by the fact that the experience of mankind for thousands of years has found no other way of peaceful settlement of disputes than the way of courts and law. Everyone can see at a glance that while at some period of history personal disputes were left for the parties concerned to settle by combat, mankind with all its blindness and stupidity has already reached a point where everything but international dispute has been removed from the arbitrament of armed force. We are not appealing to some abstract law of evolution but to the collective experience of all mankind throughout the ages when we assert that an inter-

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national court based on carefully codified law that makes war a crime, having as full jurisdiction in cases of honor as in other cases, is the sole practicable road to the goal which every day is seen the more clearly to be one with the preservation of civilization itself.

Law is proverbially formal and unemotional and in such a vein I have written. Since it is an insult to readers to dwell further upon the horrors, dangers and crimes of war, there remains but one question: the method of preventing it. The political method has failed: it fosters war. Sentiment, Christianity, religion, moral ideals have failed. There is one way which has not been tried; that is the simplest way and the way backed by the experience of humanity in all similar cases. One should deny oneself any attempt to arouse enthusiasm and procure adherents for this method, by asserting, what so many idealists have claimed for their panaceas, that it would forever eliminate the chances of war. Law has not put an end to disputes in other fields; it will hardly do so in the international field. Criminal law has not prevented crimes. I should hesitate to claim that the outlawry of war will absolutely ensure us against the crime of war. But law does afford a peaceful mode of settling disputes that otherwise lead disputants to personal and private war in order to maintain their claims. And war outlawed, branded as a crime, is a totally different thing from war which is legitimate—and as things now stand the only legitimate ultimate recourse. There is some discussion, for example, about the legality of present French action in the Ruhr. But only a few persons recognize that if France declares war against Germany her every act at once becomes unquestionably legal. French declaration of war might be immoral; it might be inexpedient. But it would be legal, and all the acts that flowed from a state of war would be legitimized by the law of nations and by national law.

What is the use of talking about ending war as long as this state of things remains? What is the hope of abolishing it if we assume in advance that outlawry by the common consent of nations is impracticable? Fortunately, so far as this country is concerned, there is already enlisted in behalf of Senator Borah's proposition a much larger and more solid body of support than most persons dream of. Scores and scores of societies have already petitioned in favor of this action; hundreds of public meetings have endorsed it by resolutions. Those who call it fantastic have little real conception of public opinion in this country. And if after this country has got solidly behind the movement, Europe remains cold and indifferent, what has become of our alleged influence and moral leadership of the world? If the moral belief of the world cannot crystallize into simple law, the law of a court, then everything is hopeless and there remains nothing but to watch civilization go down to destruction or wait for some accident to save it. In language of prudence and moderation, the resolution of Senator Borah offers to the world a supreme test of its intelligence and of the sincerity of its protestations in behalf of peace. But the challenge, the test, the trial, comes first of all to the American people. JOHN DEWEY.

The League and French Nationalism

THE last meeting of the Council of the League of Nations, which took place in Paris in January and February, was in some ways disappointing to those who look to the League for salvation. The disappointment was mainly due to the realization that the causes of the League's failure were precisely the same as those which are accountable for the present state of affairs throughout Europe—in other words that the League was unable to rise above the nationalist passions of some of its members. When the Council met, for instance, the French and Belgian troops had already occupied the Ruhr. It is now common ground between an increasing number of people from one end of Europe to the other that the problem of reparations will sooner or later have to be handed over to the League of Nations. It was hoped that the first few weeks' experience in the Ruhr would persuade the French themselves that the League of Nations would afford the most graceful way out of the muddle they had created. The hope was fortified by the recollection that M. de Jouvenel, editor of the Matin, had taken a prominent part in the disarmament discussions at the League Assembly last September, and that he had publicly stated in his capacity as French delegate that if matters ever came to a choice between resort to force and resort to the League, he would choose the League.

By occupying the Ruhr the French government in effect repudiated M. de Jouvenel's statement, but it was hoped that disillusionment would bring with it still another change. It was therefore arranged, in deference to French feeling, not to bring up the question of the Ruhr under Article II of the Covenant, which deals with war or the threat of war, but to use instead the formula of Resolution XVI of the Assembly, which reads as follows: "The Assembly recommends that the Council shall devote constant attention to every effort made in

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this direction [that is the general settlement of the problem of reparations and interallied debts] by the governments concerned, it being understood that it can usefully assist in the solution of these problems only if requested to do so by the governments in question." Mr. Branting, the Swedish Prime Minister, did all he could to create a propitious atmosphere in Paris.

He had previously, on January 10th, publicly stated that he contemplated raising the question at the Council meeting, and added that he was "convinced that he would have the support of the Swedish people." The King of Sweden, in opening Parliament on the following day, followed this up by emphasizing the value of the League and the responsibility which devolved on the Swedish representative. Mr. Branting did succeed in raising the question of reparations in a tentative way at a private session of the Council, which took place on the last day. The point had been purposely postponed as long as possible in the hope of a French change of heart. It was useless. M. Viviani for France, and M. Hymans for Belgium, abruptly and vehemently protested on the ground that the League could not intervene without the request of the powers concerned. The British and Italian delegates remained silent, and Mr. Branting dropped the matter. None the less there was a general feeling expressed in the anterooms of the Petit Luxembourg, where the Council met, that later on France would have no alternative but to resume negotiations with Germany, and that when her diplomatic bankruptcy was consummated in the Ruhr she would have no alternative but to turn to the League. Granted the attitude of M. Viviani, the Council of course could do nothing but wait for a more promising occasion, and it is arguable that to have pursued the topic against the French grain probably would have had the effect of stiffening French obstinacy.

An Albanian Rebuke

Another item in the agenda which was wrecked on the French nationalist rock, was one which concerned Albania. The Albanian government had asked the League to supply a Financial Adviser, and for the past year the Economic and Financial Commission of the League had been considering the best choice to be made. Over forty candidates had been tried, and the Commission at last decided on an Englishman for the post. The choice resulted from the proposal of the President of the Commission, Mr. Wallenberg, a Swedish banker. It was expected that the appointment would go through the Council without discussion. When the time came, however, both the French and the Italians behaved more in the spirit of nationalist highwaymen than of members of the League of Nations. The Italians, who at first insisted on their special interests in Albania, finally agreed that the Englishman was the only suitable candidate who could be found for the post. M. Viviani, throwing aside even formal respect for the nature of the body before whom he spoke, declared that there were financial interests and oil interests involved, and that he could not agree to the appointment of an Englishman. The British delegate thereupon took the line that he had no interest in an Englishman's appointment, and would rather an Englishman were not appointed. By that time there was no League atmosphere left, it having vanished before French and Italian nationalism. So far as the Economic and Financial Commission was concerned, no consideration had been given to the nationality of the candidate chosen, the only object being to choose the best man for the purpose.

When it was suggested in the council that a small committee should be appointed to consider the matter further, there occurred one of the healthiest incidents in the history of the League. The young Albanian representative with fine courage jumped up and administered a sharp rebuke. He declared that if there was any question of giving financial or oil concessions, it would be dealt with by the Albanian government itself as the need arose, but he was surprised that the Council should confuse such a question with its duty as an instrument of the League of Nations. Albania, he said, had asked the League to appoint a Financial Adviser because she believed in the League, and because she assumed that such an appointment would be made impartially and without regard for particularist considerations. He expressed his astonishment at finding that he was mistaken in his conception of the League, and therefore had no alternative but to consult his government again before agreeing to any further steps. Whereupon a shamefaced Council shelved the whole affair. As a result it is not likely that any appointment will ever be made.

A League Success

By contrast it is a pleasure to note the increasing success which attends the League's handling of the Austrian problem. Lord Robert Cecil has remarked that it is a new thing in the history of the world that a conquered nation should be rescued from ruin by the combined efforts of her conquerors. Lord Balfour has described the League's effort as "the greatest constructive effort so far undertaken to extricate Europe from the economic embarrassments which are affecting every nation in the world." The Austrians themselves have played up well against appalling odds. One way of indicating the progress lately made is to recall that the Austrian crown has been stable for over three months, that the cost of living in Austria has been reduced, the Savings Bank deposits have increased from 318 milliard crowns on October 31st to 600 milliards on November 30th; two internal

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loans have been successfully raised; and a whole series of financial reforms carried out.

The next step is to raise an external loan. Halfway through February an Austrian delegation came to London to make a first attempt with a sterling loan. A loan of £20,000,000 is contemplated, but the Austrians had a good enough sense of tactics —sharpened no doubt by adversity—not to ask for the whole sum at once. They were wise in these times to make a preliminary bid for only £3,500,000, even though the whole sterling loan of £20,000,000 has been guaranteed by various states. It was in November last that the Austrian Parliament passed the League of Nations Protocols and the Reconstruction bill (Wiederaufbaugesetz) which gave effect to them. The bill made provision for the administrative reforms which were regarded by the League as an essential condition for the raising of a foreign loan. The smooth passage of the bill, which required considerable courage, was helped by the quick passing of the Austrian Loan Guarantee bill through Westminster in the first week of November. It has to be borne in mind that the Austrian Social Democratic party was opposed to the League scheme, which was described by the Socialist leader, Dr. Otto Bauer, as the "Geneva Bondage Treaty." It was not till December 3rd that the Reconstruction bill was ratified, having first been passed by the National Council on November 27th, but thrown out by the Federal Council. Passed a second time by the National Council, it automatically became law. The reforms prescribed by the League scheme were:

(1) The balancing of the budget by the end of 1924;

(2) The presenting to the Austrian Parliament by the end of 1923 of a bill empowering the government to take all the measures necessary for balancing the budget without consulting Parliament; and

(3) The establishment of a bank of issue and the cessation of inflation.

It was obvious that the carrying out of such drastic reforms would involve severe hardships on the Austrian people. By the beginning of January, for instance, some 23,600 civil servants, mainly railway workers and members of the defence force, had been dismissed. The saving to the government in cash was countered by the necessity for finding them employment in private life. Similarly the reduction in the number of ministries, the selling of state mines and properties, the raising of fees in state schools, and the reduction in their number, all had their reactions. Dr. Seipel was able to report to the League at the Council meeting that during the first fortnight of this year a reduction of 27 milliard crowns had been made in the volume of notes in circulation, the total figure of which stood, as a result, at 4,053 milliards. There was some talk of the Austrian War Loans being paid off by the Austrian government at their nominal value. Such a measure, which amounted to a practical repudiation of the national debt, would certainly have involved severe hardship. For every £100 worth of War Loan originally bought, that is, for every 2,500 crowns' worth, the holders would receive about 2 d. in sterling value on redemption.

At its January meeting the Council made an interesting new departure in its relief work. M. Politis, the former Foreign Minister of Greece, reported that his government wanted to raise a loan of £10,000,000 sterling to meet the needs of the Asia Minor and Thracian refugees, who have increased the population of Greece by at least one fifth and who present the government with an embarrassing problem. In the present position of the country it would be next to impossible for the government to raise a loan in the ordinary way, no matter what guarantees were given. What M. Politis therefore asked was that the Council should submit the project of the loan to the Economic and Financial Commission in the hope that, if its terms were approved, the moral support thereby given by the League would make it possible for the loan to be raised. The Commission was given the job of examining the question. Inasmuch as the money is to be devoted to the relief of the Near Eastern refugees, it is universally hoped that the Commission's report may be favorable.

GEORGE GLASGOW.

London.

The Living Christ

NARROW dirty stairs climbing up for two steep flights, and at the top as sentinel to the closed door, a politely emphatic red-nosed sign, "Kindly contribute either twenty-five cents, fifty cents, or one dollar." I make a cautious entrance. The hall, at my first quick bashful glance, seems large and empty, spotted with elderly men and women. A prayer is being uttered. The heads are bowed. Flanking the door is a table guarded by a grim-mouthed, tight-nostrilled woman enormous in her huge cheap fur coat. Her graying hair is topped with a generous hat from which numerous feathers poke defiance. At her elbow is a pie pan flaked with silver coins. My offering tinkles farewell, and conscious of unexpressed disapproval, I sidle quickly into the aisle opening.

The chairman, well built, plump cheeked, prosperous, composes an extemporaneous prayer. On the platform with him, a thin, bottle-necked clergyman sits with head reverently downcast. The praying voice is colored with subdued piety. Now it hesitates and now, with renewed inspiration, it marches quickly forward.

"O Lord, bless us with the knowledge of Thy ways! Let us purify our hearts of all which is

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dross and impure! Fill us with Faith and Hope and Charity. Yea, let us be filled with the spirit of the ever living Christ, our Redeemer. Bless this nation and our president! Bless this state and our city! Bless this meeting! Bless our speakers this afternoon! Bless all the protestants in America! And may we all be filled with the joy and saving grace which cometh only with belief in Thy Holy Works and in the acceptance of the Living Christ, Amen!"

A shuddering echo of Amens. The sudden briskness of mundane relief. Good humor radiates from the ruddy chairman. "Now, friends, I got a few things to tell you later on, but first, I want to say that our speaker is here under difficulty. He's got a bad cold, very severe. And so I'm going to allow him to talk very briefly, and after that I'll sing a tenor solo, the beautiful 'Abide With Me' and then, Brother Martin will give you an explanation of why Admiral Sims denounced the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, and I will make important announcements and discuss the matter myself."

Follows an eloquent introduction of the speaker who, escorted by a round of applause, advances to the front. He talks on John Marshall, the great Chief Justice of the United States of America. First, he must be allowed to express his indebtedness to ex-Senator Albert Beveridge for his masterful work. As he warms to his theme, his voice deepens, lingering on tuneful vowels. Sentences bridge the deep canyons of sudden silence by treading along hesitant throaty growls. Professional ecstacy radiates when George Washington, Father of His Country, appears; he reappears and always radiantly. Then commences the oratorical announcement of the end. Words boil into emphatic sentences. A waving hand conducts them crescendo. There is sharp applause directed by the chairman.

A man, old, poorly dressed, approaches the toothless piano. The chairman picks up a sheet of music, clears the obstacles in his throat with experimental coughs, and pauses until the gathered stillness urges him on. He nods. A preliminary jangle of the opening measures, and a deep, powerful untrained voice begins the song with a nasal quaver.

A man tiptoes away, scolded by the indignant eyes of the guardian lady of the pie pan.

The piano breaks into a racking cough of strident chords. The singer rolls his final plea from rounded lips. There is an enthusiastic response, and as he smiles his thanks, he mops his delighted cheeks with a chaste handkerchief.

Again, the brisk procedure to business. Brother Martin, an elderly gentleman, egg-bald, small-eyed, climbs the platform, and waits politely for the genial chairman to introduce him. It is a roundabout, writhing introduction, however, infected with sudden hot, hard-voiced yells at Romanism and sneaking Jesuits. It is revealed that the chairman has received an anonymous postal card, written in red, threatening him with death. He stamps his defiance. A good American, a good Scotchman, a good Yankee of good old English blood can take on a hundred Irishmen! There is immediate applause and hilarious approval. The serpentine introduction unravels to an end. Brother Martin rises, a low pleasing voice, the preliminary grease of apologetic blurb, and then an abrupt plunge into Admiral Sims. Why should the Admiral have denounced the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan? Come, friends ask yourselves why? Isn't it because the Admiral can find no other way of making up with the Irish? And then too, and here a shrewd expression trumpets a sensational disclosure, where was Admiral Sims born? Where? A man's voice, "Canada!"

Brother Martin snaps his agreement. Canada! Yes sir, Canada! The Admiral isn't eligible for membership in the K. K. K. How else could a mean man show his meanness than by denouncing an organization which won't have him? The universal agreement is audible. Brother Martin wipes the admiral's blood from his fingers and speaks again in quiet pleasing tones, complimenting the spirit of the meeting. He lauds the chairman. He suggest that here is a nucleus of a society, that money should be raised to further this noble work of guarding America from the Pope of Rome. His restless eyes endeavor to ignore two shambling gentlemen who, with increasing haste, are approaching the exit. He returns the meeting to the welcoming hands of the chairman.

There is now an obscene display of the expenses of the meetings. Lights, chairs, hall, speakers, advertisements, everything shamelessly revealed in complete nakedness. Sum total, three hundred dollars a month. For eight years the chairman has struggled. He has spent two thousand dollars of his own money. He can't go on now. He must have help. If a hundred would give a dollar apiece, that would be a little help. He has a proposal to make. A book free with every dollar!

A table laden with books and newspapers is dragged into prominence. Ushers are immediately designated. On the instant, a new plate collection is born, but dies for lack of pap. The chairman chants, "I have here Confessions of a Priest—The True Life of a Nun—Tales of a Monk—Life at a Monastery. You can have your choice for a dollar. Thank you, Sister, what'll you have? Confessions of a Priest? One for you, too, Sister?" There is a brisk demand for Confessions of a Priest. "Sorry, Brother, no more Confessions but I've got Tales of a Monk. Just as good, yes sir, Brother, just as good!"

The money, hastily counted, is thrust with contemptuous carelessness on the floor of the platform, and the chairman announces, "Now for the fireworks!" Smiles of anticipation, wriggles of interest, stealthy swallowings, moistening of lips.

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There ensues a frothing attack on the Church of Rome, a dramatic presentation of the crimes of the Jesuits, immorality, arson, rape—a glowing defence of the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, and an offer to see that any man eligible be admitted to membership on payment to the chairman of ten dollars. An expectant pause. No man signifies any desire to join on the immediate occasion.

A backflip into the evils of Catholic doctrine, and an exposition of the true glory in Jesus. The chairman spreads imploring hands, "Time is fleeting, brothers and sisters. You are here today and in eternity tomorrow. Come, my friends, and be saved in our Lord Jesus Christ. Take Jesus into your hearts. In Jesus you will find blessed salvation! In the living Christ! Now, now, before it is too late!"

Another appeal for money. The announcement that papers, the K. K. K. Searchlight, the Menace, can be bought at the table. The meeting is adjourned.

I buy some papers. I tender a bill. I wait for change. The chairman thrusts the bill into the plate and ignores me. I wait patiently. The chairman salutes various acquaintances. I continue to wait. At last, the chairman eyes me with bland professional interest, and asks what I gave him. I get my change and as I slowly go down the stairs, I hear a woman, "It don't look like a very good number this week!" In her quavering voice is the blackness of cruel disappointment. I turn to look at her. She is drab, withered, figureless. She sees me and she smiles with senile friendliness, "Are you saved, Sonny?" she says. "Are you saved?"

R. L. LURIE.

The Human Fly Is Dead

THE Human Fly is dead. He slipped while climbing the face of a building and fell ten stories. His name, it appears, was Harry; but for the accident, we should no doubt never have known it.

Modern architecture, which is knobbed and bumpy, was the Human Fly's undoing, since it lured him into his vocation and so at last to his death. Once upon a day his roving, speculative eye rested on the wrinkled front of a skyscraper, furrowed and dotted with ledges, cornices, indentations. "A guy could climb that thing," said Harry. With his bold glance he marked the putative course of an agile man up that artificial cliff. Past the window-frame there; along the two-inch ledge, above; up the jutting angle of the corner, past the row of medallions—and up in the golden afternoon sunlight. Up until the little houses shrink away and reveal wind-ruffled blue water beyond, with black, moving ships. Up until the automobiles in the street are mere polished dominoes sliding among the animated dark beads which are people. Up, while the pigeons pacing on their ledges look at you face to face, mildly surprised. Up where the winds sing over steel and copper put in place and bolted there long ago by a whistling flippant worker with a union card in his back hip pocket. In that moment of speculation Harry's fate was sealed; he became on the instant the Human Fly.

Why, do you inquire, should a sober human being with warm blood coursing through his veins go out and risk a hundred deaths to climb the outside of a building? After he is up, there is no more for him to see than any busy honest tourist may discover by a trip in the elevator and a nose squashed against the window-pane. Or, having done this mad impossibility once, why repeat the exploit? Why make a business of it, with a printed card and rates and a telephone?

Probably the Human Fly could not have told you the answer, for he was not articulate. Pressed, he might have muttered that he did it for the money, which is ridiculous: he was to have received a hundred dollars for the climb which killed him, and it must be a busy year which would produce ten such engagements.

It is clear that something drew him upward as the high Alps draw the mountaineer. On the pavement he was only one among a throng; not a prizefighter or a statesman or a millionaire, to cause the crowd to press forward with a murmur of respect and interest as he passed by; merely one more unit, forced to wait for the policeman's whistle, jostled by messenger boys, honked at by taxis.

But with the first six feet of climbing up the marble or the limestone or the brick!—ah, then it was all different. The rest of the crowd halts to view him who was a lowly member of itself only a moment ago. White faces turn upward—hundreds of them. Admiration; wonder; friendly shouts of warning. In fact, you *are* the crowd, you see; in these moments they live in you; you are the anointed torch bearer, carrying the flame of life up to the new heights, doing so in the eyes of all men.

The wind is icy-edged, and the stone beneath your numbing finger-tips is as cold as death. As death!—there's a cheerful thought for a man who is hanging on the edge of eternity! A hundred dollars isn't much money when you live in New York where everything is so dear. A man should hold out for a hundred and fifty. But you feel so insignificant somehow, sitting there arguing with a press agent in tortoise-shell rims. It's queer that one man has the courage to sit at an oak desk and drive a hard bargain, but is afraid to look out a twenty story window, while another man can shin a flagpole in a gale and yet must go home to his wife and tell her: "Only a hundred dollars."

The wind is getting stronger, because you are higher. That's moving along! How blue the river looks down at the end of a street. Quite a

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crowd; the policeman is making automobiles turn back and go 'round the block so as not to run over anybody. How cold it is today! Midsummer is the best time, when your fingers sweat and stick to the stone. Who ever invented these projecting cornices? Awful job to swing over them. Wouldn't a pair of gloves feel good! It's dangerous, really, when one's fingers are so stiff and numb. This is the trick: stand on the window ledge, leaning in, fold your arms and warm each hand in the other arm-pit. What a blast of wind!—the ledge is too narrow, catch the cornice above. Just finger room—wait! they're all numb—the wind!—they're slipping: *Oh, God, they're gone!*

. . . . After all, anonymity is safer. Nothing venture, nothing lose, says the cautious crowd. Any one may seek to be the torch bearer, set above his fellows, gazing in the presence of them all on the bright face of danger. But he must not slip.

BRUCE BLIVEN.

Apocrypha

When John the Baptist was so young
That he had not yet learned to speak
A syllable of his native tongue,
The voice must have been shrill and weak
Wherewith his mother's heart was wrung.

When Jesus' fists uncurled to clutch
The shavings in his father's beard,
Before he learned to like to touch
The screws and nails his mother feared,
Small wandering hands had hurt her much.

When Judas was so frail a child
He sucked and slept, and little more,—
His mother, patient still, beguiled
The baby she must needs adore.
He shaped a kiss: all day she smiled.

BABETTE DEUTSCH.

Words for Weeping

If in your mind are hanging colors
Drenched with waters of a sleep
That might have woven living patterns,
Why not weep, why not weep?

If through your breast a heat is blowing
Like wind across a desert place,
Why not lift up pointed fingers
And lay them tightly on your face?

If sunlight is a sworded pleasure
At your throat, and if the blue
Of distance makes a cry of you,
Or if the night is but a darkness,
Why not weep a tear or two?

HAZEL HALL.

A COMMUNICATION

The New Republic Idea

SIR: Since Mr. Croly has recently formulated The New Republic Idea, and since the circulation manager has manifested a desire to welcome back the prodigals who have strayed from the fold, it will not, perhaps, be impertinent on my part to state why one of the earliest friends of the New Republic has latterly derived less satisfaction from it than he did in the first years of its existence. Although I do not pretend to speak for anyone but myself, I know that there are at least *some* others who feel as I do.

According to Mr. Croly it was the original purpose of the New Republic "to prick or even goad public opinion into being more vigilant and hospitable." Now I think there has been rather too much pricking and goading. If I am to judge by my own experience the effect is one of annoyance, or even of exasperation; that is, if you happen to be one of the pricked and goaded. The purpose of this treatment is, I suppose, to improve people who are temporarily misguided and not wholly incorrigible, but I doubt if this is ever the result. The man who does the pricking and goading enjoys it, and so do the victim's enemies; the victim himself withdraws to a safe distance, or becomes in self-defence a hardened sinner. I would not for a moment wish the New Republic to be flabby and sentimental. But there is a genial and ingratiating way of proclaiming opinion, that makes opponents wish they might agree, and there's another way which makes them feel that they'll be *hanged* if they will. I think the New Republic has made it hard for anybody to agree who was not fortunate enough to agree already.

Mr. Croly refers repeatedly to the American faith in "the latent goodness and regeneracy of mankind." I submit that it is more in keeping with this faith to *appeal* to that latent goodness and regeneracy. But this I think the New Republic has not done. You cannot convert the devotees of prosperity and preparedness by references to "the sinister propagandum of an interested class"; nor can you convert French liberals by interpreting French policy as a whole in terms of a desire to annihilate Germany, seize the hegemony of Europe, and impose her "colossal egotism" by "raw violence." In both cases you miss the very man you are after, the man who is honorable according to his own code, and honest according to his lights. You impugn his motives, offend his amour propre, and he closes his mind against you.

All this has to do with the *tone* of the New Republic rather than with its opinion. But it is of fundamental importance, because as a "journal of opinion" the New Republic can only accomplish its mission provided it is read with a friendly disposition and an open mind by persons of contrary opinion.

As to the opinions themselves, there are two from which I profoundly dissent, and which are the premises of one's foreign politics. The first has to do with America's relation to Europe. Ever since the signing of the Treaty of Versailles the New Republic has taken

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the view that since there were mistakes in the Treaty, America should wash its hands of the whole matter, and wait in self-righteous aloofness until a penitent Europe should confess its sins and promise never to do it again. In adopting this attitude the New Republic has effectively associated itself with partisan Republicanism, with Wilson-phobia, with continental know-nothingism, with material self-interest; in short, with moral disillusionment and reaction. It has promoted the fatal and self-confirming fallacy that since Europe has been unable to solve world problems without our assistance, therefore they have proved themselves unworthy of our assistance.

The second of the New Republic's opinions from which I dissent, is the opinion that France is the culprit whom all righteous and liberal men should hold responsible for the present predicament. Let us admit that the original reparations claim was in principle an unjustifiable evasion of the terms of the armistice. For this, as the New Republic had pointed out, France is neither singly nor even primarily responsible. There remains the question of Germany's capacity to pay, and of the methods by which she can be induced to pay to the limit of her capacity. These are extremely complex economic and psychological questions. I am quite prepared to believe that the judgment of the French government has been mistaken on both points. But neither mistake, if such they be, affords any ground for reproaching France, or charging her with any other motives than those which she herself professes. I can conceive that an American might doubt the judgment of the French, and be fearful of the results; but how he could feel morally superior or even morally comfortable about it wholly passes my comprehension. Yet there are Americans who are proclaiming with the most pious air in the world a rule of conduct which amounts to something like this: "Collect from your friends that which you would not have them collect from their enemies."

The New Republic has shown a most commendable desire to understand the problems of Russia from the Russion point of view, and the problems of Germany from the German point of view. It has sought to correct vulgar prejudice and dispel the bogeys created by fear and hatred. But I have been aware of no such humane and enlightened purpose in the case of France. On the contrary the New Republic has seemed to do its best to give an aspect of substantial reality to the most spectral of all bogeys, that of French militarism. I have detected no desire on the part of the New Republic to see eye to eye with the average Frenchman. The New Republic has informed its readers of the staggering proportions of the French debt and of the imminence of bankruptcy, but I have never felt that these dangers to France profoundly disturbed the New Republic; or that its editors were concerned to find a way by which the French government could restore its devastated provinces and pay its debts. Nor have they, so far as I know, explained how France can avoid either of these obligations. The New Republic can afford to do *nothing* about it; but the French government must attempt something, and may even find itself in desperation compelled to attempt the impossible. In short, while I quite agree that the passions of the war should now give place to a broader humanity, and that we should all unite with Mr. Croly in "the worship of a God symbolized not as Power, but as Understanding and Love," I see no reason why the French should be excommunicated simply because four years ago they were our comrades in arms.

RALPH BARTON PERRY.

Cambridge, Massachusetts.

[In the foregoing letter Professor Ralph Barton Perry finds fault with the New Republic for what he takes to be inexcusable errors of editorial conduct. If the criticism is well founded, it is so damaging that our readers will, we hope, pardon us for discussing it somewhat at length. Professor Perry raises at least two issues of more than occasional interest and significance. The discussion of them in relation to the policy of the New Republic may throw some light upon the nature and function of editorial opinions and the different methods of imparting vitality to them.

In reference to Mr. Perry's criticism of the "tone" of the New Republic, it is impossible to return a general answer which would not be subject to specific exceptions. The business of the New Republic is to assist in the fermentation of American public opinion. Its controversial manners may at times be unnecessarily contentious, but in general they are, we believe, adapted to the ultimate success of this work. At one time, when he agreed more frequently with the substance of our opinions, Mr. Perry also approved of our manners. He declared in a letter which he permitted us to publish some years ago: "The New Republic irritates and entertains; it does not soothe or preach. It is straight-forward recent thinking addressed to readers who prefer to have their minds disturbed to having their prejudices flattered." If our opinions, as now expressed, irritate Mr. Perry or any other reader without entertaining him or disturbing his mind, we are sorry, but we cannot consider the existence of the irritation any necessary reflection either on our manners or on the successful performance of our job. If there is no irritation there is no friction. If there is no friction there is usually no fermentation of opinion. The question is not whether editorial opinions should or should not be irritating, but when and how? We agree with Mr. Perry that it is preferable in the conduct of the majority of controversies to presuppose the possibility of agreement and to adopt a persuasive and accommodating "tone," as the New Republic has frequently done; but there is an important class of controversies in which accommodation is a form of evasion or of insincerity. It falsifies the nature of the issues and prevents public opinion from gathering itself together for the effort and the shock of dealing with them.

Since the New Republic started eight years ago, the world has been out of joint. It has been a grim and unruly place in which to write in a smooth and inoffensive manner about public affairs. The welfare and lives of millions of people depended on the adoption or the refusal of certain courses of public conduct. In conducting controversies about these questions of peace and war the New Republic did not expect and rarely tried to convert the supporters of the opposing opinion and public policies. It was usually speaking for an extremely small minority, and it was expressing a point of view which, if frankly stated, was bound to irritate the major part of the majority. The differences of opinion turned upon a different expectation of the results which would follow from the adoption of one policy rather than another. The policy which the New Republic opposed was in one way or another being forced upon a large number of people who did not consent

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to it. It was frequently a policy whose results would in our opinion bring with them disastrous consequences upon millions of innocent human beings. There was no chance of persuading the majority to abandon their prevailing policy or to mitigate their approval of it until some of these disastrous consequences were actually unfolded. In the meantime it was desirable to state the criticism of the prevailing policy in plain and sometimes harsh language. The opposing policy could not prevail without ardor of conviction on the part of its supporters and without a drastic reformation of public opinion. The world needed as an alternative to the prevailing policy, not some accommodating modification of it, but a wholly different policy which presupposed an uncompromising repudiation of its predecessor.

There is no incompatibility between a frank, sharp and uncompromising method of conducting immediately unmanageable controversies and a belief in negotiation, discussion and conference as the ultimately indispensable means of persuading other people to recognize the truth behind the conflict and of discovering a workable method of dealing with it. Some conflicts are irreconcilable until their terms are restated. They come into existence whenever either of the contenders, tempted by the possession of the necessary power, first proposes to overcome the resistance of its adversaries by compulsion. Through such behavior the offender introduces a rebellious acid into the conflict which needs to be neutralized before a constructive adjustment by conference and discussion becomes possible. The party which first invokes compulsion appeals implicitly to a kind of vindication which has nothing to do with the intrinsic merit of his contention. He bets his whole case on his ability to succeed by coercion in dispensing with consent. He has appealed to a court martial, whose cause claims to be right as long as it is sufficiently powerful and whose procedure deprives the method of conference, accommodation and agreement of its proper vitality.

A policy which risks its vindication on coercion itself implies disloyalty to the latent regeneracy of mankind. Those who honestly believe in human regeneracy must recognize the infidelity of doing unto others what they would not have others do unto them. One or both parties to the war and post-war controversies have ignored this fundamental implication of the successful operation of conference and discussion as a means of reconciling or integrating conflicts. In so far as the New Republic adopted the "tone" with which Mr. Perry finds fault, it was in the hope of arousing public opinion to a consciousness of the penalty of idealizing the use of force as the justification for dispensing with the consent of their opponents. The belligerents were offering up their souls and the souls of other people as the victims of their combats. As long as this state of mind lasted the great conflict was actually irreconcilable. The indispensable condition of treating it constructively was to understand it as it was, to expose it as irreconcilable in its existing form, and to denounce it as intolerable from the point of view of those whose values were the children of a belief in human regeneration.

II.

The doubtful question which Mr. Perry raises concerns rather the truth of the New Republic's judgments than our "tone" in writing about them. If they were untrue, they were, of course, something worse than deplorable controversial manners. They did a gross injustice to the causes and to the people against which they were directed. But if they were true, does not the question of editorial manners, although by no means negligible in particular cases, become of minor importance? Is not the amount of exasperation which a sharp or rough criticism provokes measured by the amount of truth which it carries rather than by the amount of falsehood—assuming of course that the criticism, if unjust, is not the echo of any general public disapprobation and does not involve any costly consequences?

These questions bring us to Mr. Perry's criticism of the contents as distinguished from the "tone" of the New Republic editorials. He objects to the attitude which the New Republic has assumed towards the kind of controversies which we have just analyzed—to the controversies which have gathered around the issues of the war and the peace. He dissents entirely from that attitude. He asserts, as we understand him, not only that the New Republic was wrong four years ago in opposing the ratification of the Treaty of Versailles and that it is wrong now in trying to build up an uncompromising American opposition to the French invasion of the Ruhr, but that its policy is inconsistent with its own declared ideals.

A complete answer to Mr. Perry's objections to the substance of the New Republic's present attitude towards Europe would involve a reconsideration of its comment on the conflict of forces and ideals which the war precipitated and which is as much alive today as it was when the Germans first swarmed over northern France or when the armistice was signed. Such a reconsideration would put too heavy a strain upon the patience of Mr. Perry and our readers, and we shall have to begin, as Mr. Perry does, with the Treaty of Versailles. The immediate difference of opinion between us turns upon the nature and value of that document. Mr. Perry accuses us of "effectively associating" the New Republic with irreconcilable Republicanism, disillusionment and reaction merely because there were "mistakes in the Treaty." We wonder whether he really considers such a statement a fair description of the New Republic's position. Our judgment about the Treaty may be erroneous, but if it were as silly as Mr. Perry makes it out to be, he surely would have no sufficient reason to argue the matter with us. The "mistakes" in the Treaty are, in our opinion, actually subversive of the objects for which the American people were asked to fight the war. Its provisions, as we see it, will never bring peace to Europe. They perpetuate what is morally and substantially a state of war. If this judgment is true, it obviously justifies the New Republic in subordinating other objects, in themselves desirable, to that of getting rid of the Treaty.

There is in Mr. Perry's letter no discussion of the New Republic's position on its merits. He merely misrepresents it and then dissents from it. We agree with him entirely in dissenting from the opinions which he attributes to us, but we see no reason to modify our real opinion as the result of his dissent. He does not deal with our real opinion. Our grievance with the Treaty of Versailles is that it legalizes the reign and perpetuates the idealization of the violence in Europe which prevailed during the war, that it divides the continent into different factions with mutually exclusive interests, and that it compels the American government either to remain aloof or to intervene if at all on one side or the other. The New Republic has never "taken the view" that "America should wash its hands of the whole matter." We have persistently urged during the past two months American diplomatic

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intervention in opposition to France. We have persistently suggested the extension by America of economic and political assistance to Europe whenever the assistance could be rendered on the terms previously proposed by ex-President Wilson. But we have opposed the assumption by the United States of an onerous legal responsibility for European peace as long as the victors in the war, who disposed of an overwhelming preponderance of military force, sublimated their power as the only dependable agency of international right and the only effective sanction of international security. This position, we repeat, may be wrong, but it provides no excuse for associating the New Republic with the Republican irreconcilables, with disillusionment and reaction. According to our own lights we are still seeking to give reality to the illusions, if illusions they were, which President Wilson proclaimed as the reason for projecting this country into the war.

III.

One of the New Republic's opinions from which Mr. Perry dissents is "that France is the culprit whom all righteous and liberal men should hold responsible for the present predicament." We accept this statement as sufficiently near the New Republic's position to deserve discussion on its merits. The policy of the present French government is, we believe, a violation of the ideals for which the American nation was asked to enter the war. It is intended to subjugate Germany as a political and economical entity to France; and if it accomplishes this object it will necessarily destroy German nationality, ruin France herself morally and economically, and set European civilization back for many generations. In attributing these objects to the prevailing French policy, we are not attributing motives to France other than those which Frenchmen in responsible positions have consistently professed. It has been for centuries the policy of the aggressive French nationalists first to oppose an indivisible France to a divided and dismembered Germany and then to establish the Rhine as the military frontier between the two countries. They are merely using the existing military preponderance of France in Europe and her grievances against Germany to revive it.

Apparently Mr. Perry thinks that the Poincaré government occupied the Ruhr for the purpose of "inducing" Germany to pay reparations "to the limit of her capacity." Does he really believe that the French nationalists are as deluded as that? The invasion of the Ruhr has diminished Germany's capacity and increased her reluctance to pay, as all hard-headed men must have realized that it would. The collection of reparations was merely a necessarily legal pretext which the French government needed to accomplish its real object and which might for a while deceive "liberals" at home and abroad. But the party which controls the French government has never concealed the result at which it ultimately aimed. Its spokesmen have in our hearing again and again frankly boasted of their intention, if victorious, to "emasculate" Germany. They embodied the purpose in the secret treaties. They stubbornly insisted on it, in spite of the terms of the armistice, during the Paris Conference. They finally wrote the essence of it into the Treaty by obtaining the legal right permanently to occupy the Rhineland and to invoke military "sanctions" unless Germany complied with economic demands which, if executed, would have meant indefinite economic servitude. They are now collecting on the sanctions; and if successful they will emerge with a completely subjugated Germany in their grip. As an example of "Real politik" their policy is skilful and explicable. As a means of aiding and inducing Germany to pay reparations it is fantastic.

Mr. Perry accuses the editors of the New Republic of ignoring the necessity which the French government was under to undertake immediate effective action. Its domestic debt was enormous. Its foreign creditors pressed for payment. The devastated provinces had to be restored. It *must* collect damages from Germany. Mr. Perry fails to do us justice in saying that we ignored this predicament. We have never advocated the exertion of pressure on France to collect the French debt no matter how France behaved. We have always advocated its cancellation, provided France would show some interest in the international program which the American government proclaimed when it loaned the money. We have fully realized the impossibility of a humane and healing reconstruction of Europe unless the devastated provinces were restored at German expense. That was why we have so vehemently opposed any complicity by this country in the French policy toward Germany which has tended to make sufficient reparation payments impossible. For it is France rather than Germany which has created the insuperable obstacles to the complete restoration of the devastated provinces at Germany's expense. Mr. Ray Stannard Baker, in his book on President Wilson at the Peace Conference, makes it perfectly clear that never throughout the entire Conference did the French act as if they expected or desired Germany to pay the sums demanded of her. Their object consistently was to assess the damage at a figure which all economists were agreed the German nation could not pay. As Mr. Baker says: "France desired safety more than reconstruction. That was the inevitable logic of the military spirit."

The Treaty assessed on Germany a bill for damages which exceeded her capacity to pay and provided the French with a legal excuse for carrying on in peace an essentially military policy. After its ratification the successive French governments exploited its just claim for indemnification at German expense, not as a business man would nourish an asset upon which his solvency depended, but as a general would flourish a weapon with which to deal a mortal blow to an enemy. The manifest effect of the French policy has been to diminish Germany's power to pay, to destroy the prestige of the government which was trying to pay and to prefer a humiliated, browbeaten, impoverished and enraged Germany to one which was restored, self-respecting, well-inclined and economically productive. The French nationalists have realized much more clearly than their liberal supporters in other countries the incompatibility between browbeating and subjugating Germany and collecting a sufficient sum in reparations. As the late M. Delcassé said before he died: "The Treaty of Versailles does not give us reparations, for never will Germany pay tribute for forty-four years, nor for twenty years nor for ten years. . . . The Rhineland must be taken from Germany and placed under French control. France will receive reparations by taxing the industry and commerce of this region."

According to the clear testimony of actual French conduct this statement of M. Delcassé represents the real opinion of the existing rulers of France. Mr. Perry criticizes the New Republic for trying to understand the problems of Russia from the Russian point of view and of Germany from the German point of view but refusing to understand the French policy from the French point of

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view. We do not and cannot understand the French policy from the French point of view, if the French point of view is truthfully expressed by Professor Perry. Neither do we believe that anyone else can understand it. It does not hang together. But if the French point of view is that expressed by M. Delcassé and Mr. Baker, its different parts do hang together and we understand it perfectly. Frenchmen were deeply and justifiably alarmed during the war for the future safety of France. They came to believe that unless Germany was prevented from repeating the offence, France could not survive. It became to their minds a question of either France or Germany. If they lost, it would have been Germany. If they won, it was to be France. They won. Ever since they have won they have acted on a theory which, if maintained to the end, must ruin and subjugate their enemy. They are not satisfied with the complete disarmament of Germany and the right, which no one disputes, of preventing her by force from re-arming. They propose also to destroy the political and economic organization which created the German army. They cannot accomplish this object without destroying the political and economic organization which would have been capable of restoring devastated France. It so happens that under the Treaty their legal pretext for "emasculating" Germany economically and politically derives from her default in reparations payment, but anyone who accepts this pretext as a truthful expression of the actual French objective is falling into an error similar to that of apologists for Germany, who characterized the invasion of Belgium as a necessary measure of defence. In framing the Treaty the French took care that Germany would ruin herself if she did pay, and that they could ruin her if she did not.

Should the present rulers of France succeed in their policy, they will in the end ruin France and Europe as well as Germany. In order to save France and Europe it is necessary to save Germany. In order to save Germany it is supremely necessary to understand what the French government is about. It cannot get very far with the destruction of Germany unless the rest of the world either approves of the work or connives at it. The attitude of a great majority of Americans at the present moment, including those who are most interested in foreign politics and most sensitive to the international responsibilities of this country, is an attitude of connivance. They talk about the invasion of the Ruhr as an "experiment" which must be allowed to work itself out and they are not in the least disturbed by the spectacle of an attack on a disarmed nation by an armed neighbor and by the absence for the former of any legal redress or court of appeal. The experiment which France is trying in the Ruhr is a new version of the oldest experiment in the history of human societies—the experiment of subjugating a neighboring people. Wherever it succeeds, as it frequently does, its results are disastrous. It is particularly disastrous in an industrialized, nationalized society like that of Europe. It constitutes a flagrant violation of every truth which Jesus Christ lived and uttered during his pilgrimage on this earth. Unless it is understood as that kind of experiment, it will succeed for a long while and will involve consequences which are too abhorrent to contemplate.

We do not believe that it will succeed for long. We have too much confidence in the ultimate good sense and humanity of the French, British and American people. They will, before it is too late, combine to undo what the group of financiers, politicians, lawyers and manufacturers who are now ruling France are proposing and proceeding to do and which the financiers, politicians, lawyers and clergymen of Great Britain and the United States do not know enough to oppose. But they will not have the chance to undo it until the consequences of the French policy are more clearly revealed and until the moral conscience of the Christian nations is aroused to understand what is actually taking place. It is the business of the Christian clergy to perform this job, just as it was their business to keep alive during the war a lively sense of the evil from the Christian point of view of the prevailing idealization of violence. It is because they connived at the idealization of violence during the war that they are paralyzed by the French idealization of violence now that the war is over. Both in this country and in England, consequently, weekly journals like the Nation and the New Republic, which obtain their support from minorities rather than majorities, have had to undertake the rough, disagreeable and unpopular job of telling the truth about the present French policy. It is a job which their editors cannot accomplish without irritating and offending better men than themselves, and people who offend other people intentionally are assuming a heavy responsibility and risk—the risk of being offensively unjust in case they are wrong. But the assumption of this responsibility is inseparable from the nature of their convictions. The better world, as they envisage it, will never come to pass unless at some time some voices are raised in favor of the practicality and truth of President Wilson's war aims as clear, as resonant and as fearless as the voices which deny them or are faithless to them.—THE EDITORS.]

Forward Equity

Roger Bloomer, by John Howard Lawson. Forty-Eighth Street Theatre. March 5, 1923.

EXPRESSIONISM, since it takes for its method a freedom from the necessities of the actual and a use of any means it chooses to reveal an essential idea, may run now to farce, now to the poetic, both of them extremes of a method of heightening, both fine ends to discover. And by the same freedom expressionism may dash into violent chaos or to platitude. What has ultimately no order or proportion remains rank and formless, however vivid the separate details may be. And since by its very nature expressionism depends on its power to discover the truly revealing means, some highly selected thing that hits the heart of the matter, it must follow that if we merely hit on the obvious and then heighten that, we get platitude only. Mr. Lawson's Roger Bloomer touches all these ends, the fair, the rough, the raw, the poignant, as the case may be. The mood runs off into farce now and then when the scene gets to New York, not a high-hearted, jolly farce but something harsh and rough mannered though gifted with the edge of a good, young caricaturist. The thinking-through of the play, the seeing things to their last form and idea, remains often violent, and is insurgent and vivid and sensitive without much conclusion beyond the moment; there is often the effect of mere cub journalism, a staccato child. The characters here and there throughout the scenes wring their hearts perhaps but manage to voice only platitudes. The play has poetry often and often and such a young, pressing, pitiful and reckless, insolent beauty as you seldom see in the theatre.

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Roger Bloomer begins with a boy at supper with his mother and father, who is the head of a humming chain of department stores in the Middle West. The gap between the boy and his parents has begun, and is complicated by the boy's being different from other men's sons in the town. An upper-classman and big fine fellow from Yale, the son of Roger's father's partner in business, tries to take him in hand and to show him what it means to get on in college and the world, to find the right friends for later years, to be a gentleman, a patriot and a success, all pretty much the same thing it seems. Roger tries at college entrance examinations and breaks down before the strain, the red tape and the falsity of the thing. He runs away to New York. And at the same time one of his father's clerks, sick with the flatness of her life, goes to New York also. In New York Roger writes and starves; the girl lives with her detested aunt, and works and dreams and hates. And against New York as the symbol of progress and hardness and passionate power, the two beat themselves. Roger tries to poison himself and is saved by a street bum. The girl steals bonds, burns them, refuses to marry the head of the firm, a millionaire. In this boy and girl, young life sets itself up against the values of the old. The girl at length takes poison and for her death Roger is sent to prison. In a sort of delirium the boy sees the figures of all those who have crossed his track and have cut into him with what they were and did and said, most of all the girl, whose love, with the untouched remoteness from him that by the divine and ironic purity of youth she has always kept, gives him a freedom toward the future. His father finds Roger and has him freed, a matter of seeing the right lawyer. And at last the prison doors are opened and he sees the world outside and ahead.

So far as production goes Roger Bloomer seems to me one of those plays whose production should either be designed by the dramatist himself, if he is so luckily born into two arts, or else be left with the barest necessary stage devices or none at all beyond room to play and a varied light to play by. But that would have taken courage indeed on the part of the management! The production given the piece by Mr. Woodman Thompson has ingenuity and some entertaining variety, on a plane miles lower than the mood of the play; it has caricature and facility too; it gets the farcical effects; but it lacks all imagination, and it has none of the eager, austere passion or folly or rash young splendor that keeps knocking at the doors of the play. The directing of the whole play is too soft and easy. And Mr. Henry Hull, though in the first act he promised something that had a real pathetic urgency and youth about it, relaxed later on, very much as the play did, into too much mere talk and loose emotion, and so missed the concentration and point that would have kept the line of the part single and biting. Miss Mary Fowler understood the intensity and harsh purity and revolt of the girl she played, but technically she was not able to carry through the part. But Miss Fowler's sincerity is not to be taken lightly. Miss Van Hoose played the aunt well, neither too much or too little.

Roger Bloomer, when it is over and done, could not be said to have any unity of idea or even to have an emotional unity, which would come to the same thing perhaps. It remains unequal, raw, insistent but loose. One can easily see how it might annoy any person who demands in drama some profound and significant unity or comment on its subject matter, on life. One can easily see, too, how this play might annoy many persons who have loose and unequal conceptions but must find their satisfaction in a theatre that is familiar or commonplace or stupid; they resent any but their own kind of inferiority. And it is easy to see how the rather candid details might offend people who like a more formal or reticent method; or, on the other hand, might offend people who like their adventures in the less mentioned to be more hearty and jolly and less seriously meant—in the same sense that what Ibsen may not talk about, the Follies may enact before our eyes, or as the village wild oats if he has no theories may be preferred to the serious young modernist who goes spoiling the elders' pies.

But even with all these quarrels, justifiable to varying degrees, and granting all manner of wilful and adolescent inequalities, of taste, matter, form and idea, Roger Bloomer remains to the author's credit and especially to the credit of the Equity Players, whose choice of it is a fine promise of their intentions in our theatre.

All through the last two thirds of Roger Bloomer I got little that really moved or convinced me. The track of the idea was scattered in a confusion of comments and passions and satires and in a triviality of scenic contraptions. I got only a sense of some quick poetry that emerged now and then, of a deeply felt pity and revolt, and of occasional sharp intuitions on the dramatist's part. But in the whole first act I got a fine, stirring impression of something fresh and vigorous and frank, of sharp eyes and a clear stroke. And, what of course is more important, I got there the sense of poetic implications and of a real tragic pathos and irony in the portrait of this tender boy, with his impatience, his body, his dreams, his isolation, at bay with the forces of life around and in him.

And it is exciting, the mere fact that, instead of the usual simplicities of our theatre, the high-lights and heavenly manna and raw meat, we should get in this play of Roger Bloomer some freedom to talk about the bewildered dreams of the mind and flesh, about society and education and family, that we should get this direct picture of a sensitive youth in an American community and of this onslaught against the dead levels of the unsaid, the unread, the taken for granted, the banal and even the deeply natural conditions and bounds of human living. And when I hear in our theatre a young man reading out of Shelley—I am accustomed to hear art or poetry spoken of on Broadway in a manner that makes us all brothers; poetry is highbrow or funny dope or else a bit of culture to flatter the audience, never something quite as actual as oil wells, Wall Street or matrimony—when I hear a young man reading out of Shelley, sweeping through the regions of Shelley's soul, reviling him, revolting from him, in a word taking Shelley as a reality in his life, making the region of great art and thought the scene of his tragic struggle, I can hardly believe my ears. At this rate our theatre may begin to vibrate with new life.

If there were nothing else to be said for it, Roger Bloomer, would be worth doing as a sheer extension of the possibility of content in our theatre. Any play that does that does much. For if the business of art is to express life, it must follow that one of the chief needs in any art is to stretch the limits of its expression, to include and to force into its own terms more of our life, to seek a perpetual dilation of form and idea, which are in the end inseparable.

STARK YOUNG.

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Books and Things

SONNETS and Other Verses, by George Santayana, Stone and Kimball, 1894; Lucifer, A Theological Tragedy, Hubert S. Stone and Company, 1899; A Hermit of Carmel and Other Poems, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1901—from the first and third of these Mr. Santayana has chosen the contents of his new book, Poems by George Santayana, Selected by the Author and Revised (Scribner's, $1.50), and he has added one poem which had not been published in any volume, A Minuet, written "on reaching the age of fifty." Although I regret the disappearance of Mont Brévent, too humbly named, and of Futility, if only for the sake of two lines,

When all the marvels of the skies above
March to the passions they are mirrors of,

yet I know of no book which is so happy a choice by a poet from his own writings. Certainly Swinburne did not choose so well, nor did Matthew Arnold. The revisions are few, only seven I think, and they are not disturbing.

Has any other man of genius written of himself more felicitously than Mr. Santayana in the preface to this book? No one whom I can think of. Here are self-respect and detachment, humor and sincerity, a perfection of tone, a smiling insight. But he underrates his verse. "Of impassioned tenderness or Dionysiac frenzy I have nothing," he says, "nor even of that magic and pregnancy of phrase—really the creation of a fresh idiom—which marks the high lights of poetry. Even if my temperament had been naturally warmer, the fact that the English language (and I can write no other with assurance) was not my mother-tongue would of itself preclude any inspired use of it on my part; its roots do not quite reach to my centre." "My approach to language is literary," he says, "my images are only metaphors." True though these sentences may be, this truth is something I never feel while reading Mr. Santayana's poems, any more than I feel their texture to be "mental and thin," as he calls it. That, if I may adopt a familiar passage from Matthew Arnold, "that would be a negative feeling, a feeling of disappointment; and the feeling raised by Mr. Santayana's poetry is far other."

For me, as for many other men who were young and at Harvard in the later eighteen-eighties, it is impossible to regard these selected poems as a reprint. It is almost impossible to regard them as a book. They are the first moves, watched by us long ago from the side-lines, in a beautifully played game. They remind us of days when the earliest among them were appearing in the Harvard Monthly, leaving us now doubtful whether a talent could grow which had an air of being so full-grown in youth, and now wondering for what conquests of the upper regions these wings were being disciplined. Rather enigmatic he seemed to us, who were his juniors by a few years, and who could not understand his blending of entire sincerity with reserve. We were puzzled and we were fascinated, as if by something feline, by something colubrine, at the core of his loneliness. We did not know —how could we?—what this solitary thinker was about. We did not suspect that he had undertaken to remould his heart's desire, to make it as faithful as a life-mask to the face of the possible, and that to perfect his fidelity was the desire nearest his heart. Had we known this we were not even then too immature to have acknowledged that for such an enterprise all the solitude he could create would not be too much.

Too rare, too rare, grow now thy visits here—something of that sort we should have liked to tell him in those years, if ever we had got within speaking distance. We never said it, had indeed no opportunity of saying it, for whenever he did revisit Cambridge he still inhabited, not a little to our disappointment, the land that is very far off. Glimpses we had of him which frequent my memory—the poem he read at an O. K. dinner, published some ten years later as Six Wise Fools—an evening at the English Club, when Walt Whitman seemed at first to be with us in all his flesh, then to lose some of it, to stop sprawling in his chair, to button his clothes and to tread a formal measure —these occasions brought us nearer Mr. Santayana's humor and the bright ease of his power, but essentially he was as remote as ever. Not that he trod the earth unguessed at—that was not his fortune—but our best guesses fell wide. In that small figure, dressed with this world's neatness, walking across the college yard very temperately, as if balancing a book on his head, is it marvellous that we failed to recognize a young captain in the army of unalterable law, and its future commander-in-chief? In Mr. Santayana, at that time, Cambridge entertained the incarnate reasonable, beginning eternally to accept the inevitable, and beginning also, by the process of that acceptance, to make his five talents into one talent greater than the five. No wonder that the entertaining was mostly unawares, that our curiosity was mostly frustrate.

How will these poems fare with the generation which is young today, which prefers fullness to wholeness, and which likes to conceive its universe as too confused and self-contradictory to be reducible to unity by thought? At first these younger readers may be disappointed. The subject of his poetry, Mr. Santayana tells them in his preface, "is simply my philosophy in the making," and they have heard, too, that les choses valent toujours mieux dans leur source. Readers who take this too literally may seek in this poetry premonitions of the poet, the wit, the humorist, the literary critic, the thinker that Mr. Santayana is in his later books of prose, and here they will find only the thinker and the poet. If they are also too unacquainted with Catholic tradition to appreciate the feeling and the imagery of his sonnet sequence, too uneducated to measure the length of his journey to naturalism, one who still has his full share of this disability may advise them to turn to some of the other poems, to the five unnamed Odes, for example, with their glimpses of caverned islands, river-loving nations, orchards and temples, and the stormy world. Here is a most accessible loveliness, as of a landscape we long for between slim columns in an old painting, here a space-composer has worked his ordered miracle. The fifth Ode may not be quite the loveliest, but it is the one I repeat oftenest, especially the last stanzas, in which Mr. Santayana says goodby to the Mediterranean:

Thee, willing to be tamed but still untamable,
The Roman called his own until he perished,
As now the busy English hover o'er thee,
Stalwart and noble;

But all is naught to thee, while no harsh winter
Congeals thy fountains, and the blown Sahara
Chokes not with dreadful sand thy deep and placid
Rock-guarded havens.

Thou carest not what men may tread thy margin;
Nor I, while from some heather-scented headland
I may behold thy beauty, the eternal
Solace of mortals.

P. L.

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The Gesture Grandiloquent

Analysis of the Interchurch World Movement Report on the Steel Strike, by Marshall Olds. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

IT is in the scroll that many moons ago Mr. Marshall Olds resolved to thumb his nose at the Interchurch Report on the steel strike. The gesture calls for dignity, hate, boisterousness and humor; and Mr. Olds has only bigotry, venom, literal-mindedness and zeal. It is an attitude for a heroic soul; and Mr. Olds is only a publicity agent for corporations by craft and the author of a bad book on strikes by choice.

In the mind of Mr. Olds the gesture was to be the climax of an elaborate ritual contrived in imitation of the intellectual process. His intent was to make an "analysis" of the Report "with complete regard for the exact truth," predestined to show that the document was filled with untruth by bad men with sinister purposes. The moons have waned; the Report has been dissected; the facts have been harvested; Mr. Olds's pen is still; his nose has been thumbed. In his anathema there is nothing of the contempt of sacerdotal grandeur but only the comic insolence of antipapal grandiloquence. The gesture has failed. There remains as a monument to his endeavor only a book so dull that it is twice its own length.

This screed, whose words placed end to end fall just short of a mile, breaks into three jagged parts. The first is an introduction, a sort of "show window" (it is unfair to Mr. Olds not to mix metaphors), in which he parades his motives and reveals his soul. The second is an Analysis of the Report, some of which is devoted to evidence and argument, and the bulk to a loquacious homily upon the text, "We build the ladder by which we rise." The third is a repetitious argumentum ad hominem against the men, one and all, who fabricated the Report. The unity lies in an arid and involved style, bereft of any trace of subtlety, charm, vision or humor, and adorned with ugly names.

It is only fair first to examine the show window which Mr. Olds has so elaborately dressed. It contains a pontifical blessing upon his enterprise by Mr. Jeremiah W. Jenks, a guarantee from accountants that his "citations" are "accurate," statements from two backsliders in the Interchurch Movement, excerpts from two editorials in a Presbyterian paper, and a history of the Analysis by the author himself. The fragment from Mr. Jenks is as pompous and as honest as any other part of the gospel according to Jeremiah W. The editorials are like scores of others which make uncritical comments upon the Report. The statement of one of the Interchurch people, the Rev. Mr. Foulkes, proves to be an excerpt from a letter which is given in full some four hundred pages later. This turns out to be a denial of a repudiation of the Report which Mr. Olds was putting in the mouth of the writer. The statement of the other one of "the numerous officials and associates of the Interchurch World Movement" who gave "assistance" is misleading and meaningless. Mr. Went, the apostate, was never one of the faithful; he was not, as Mr. Olds says, "the original editor of the Interchurch Report"; he did blue pencil copy for one of the members, but he had nothing to do with the preparation of the copy which actually went to press. The history of his literary labors by Mr. Olds is so peculiar, even in its sheer chronology, that it might deceive a careful critic into believing that it was a clumsy compilation from half a dozen different manuscripts.

The real challenge, however, is offered by the statement of Haskins and Sells, who "certify" that all "citations" in the Analysis are "accurate." They insist "that all quotations, including excerpts in which the sequence of original passages has for clarity or brevity been varied, are accurate as to text and, in our opinion, fairly represent the meaning of their original context." It is perhaps sacrilege for a layman to question the good intent of an author engaged in a pious venture and the technical competence of "certified public accountants." But, since the Analysis is primarily a refutation of passages in the Report, the accuracy of reproduction is a matter of consequence. Besides, when in fingering the book one notes such names as Heber Blankernhorn, Dr. Leo Wollmann, James R. or A. or H. Maurer, Mr. Walter Lippman, and Carl Marx, he may perhaps take the risk of his scepticism running into profanity. The captious critic, who knows not Mr. Olds's book, might insist that if the propagandist is allowed to take from his sources what he will, he is a damned poor sport if he will not subject his gleanings to a careful comparison with the original. He may even question the competence of accountants to pass upon the representative character of citations. But such questions as these are too delicate to have any reference to Mr. Olds's craftsmanship. His practice prompts two very elementary inquiries: are his citations textually accurate? In making excerpts does he exercise a personal license?

The question of textual accuracy derives its importance from Mr. Olds's habit of quoting texts to refute them. It gets a touch of color from the impression given by his "foreword" that he is the kind of person who is always honest in little things. It is too bad that the evidence indicates that not even in the matter of jots and tittles is he reliable. He overlooks commas, inserts punctuation marks of his own, fails to see italics in the original, puts into italics whatever pleases him, is ofttimes blind to breaks in his quotations, and is generously inconsiderate of the peculiarities of the text. In one quotation which does not quite attain seven lines there are double that number of textual mistakes. It is rare that two or more citations of the same passage agree with the original or with each other. In one hundred and fifty quotations from the Report there are only thirteen which are identical with the originals. In the mere matter of copying Mr. Olds's accuracy assays a little under nine percent.

Nor does his manhandling of citations stop with violence to the text. In some cases where the words are the words of the Report, and in more where they are not, the meaning is the meaning of the Analysis. Mr. Olds puts interpolations of his own, in parenthesis, in his quotations. He builds up quoted sentences from shreds and patches of the original. It is a common device of his to transmute a dependent clause into an independent sentence. One of his quoted sentences is made up of a subject taken from one sentence and a predicate from another. In another, elements from three separate sentences are combined to make an Oldsian quotation. In a third a clause introduced by a relative pronoun yawns across a " . . . ," represented in the original by two pages of text, to find an antecedent. He even omits "the two" before a substantive plural. In his intent to make his "citations" "fairly" "represent the meaning of their original context" he lifts a passage from the Report, loses in transmission the clauses relating to hours and treatment of employees, and adorns his text with a quotation referring only to a "conference" and to "collective bargaining."

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If we must go on to his Analysis, which is devoted to the exegesis of misquoted passages, we find Mr. Olds's logic of a piece with his grammar and his accuracy. After this display of method he has no right to an extended criticism of all of his analyses, or of any of them in all of its involutions. It is, in fact, a work of supererrogation to give brief attention to "the findings" in the Report upon wages and hours. This is by far the most substantial and really the only factual part of his argument. His ritual is to set up a quotation from the Report and by dialectic and statistics to dispose of it. A mere turning of pages indicates that the number of arguments demolished is large. A mere glance at them is enough to reduce his score materially; for he must, for reasons good and unrevealed, annihilate the same statement two or even three times.

A mere incident or two must suffice to show how deftly he turns his materials to his purpose. He attempts to refute the statement that in the Pittsburgh district "steel common labor has the lowest rate of pay of the trades for which there are separate statistics for laborers." To that end he ignores the limitation to the Pittsburgh district, translates "the lowest rate of pay" into "the poorest paid in industry," uses other figures in the Report that do not refer to the locality, quotes "full time earnings" as wages, and questions the motives of the investigators. Again he seeks to disprove the contention that in 1919 more than half of the workers in the steel industry were on a twelve-hour day. In this effort he presents figures relating to thirty-four percent of the employees of the U. S. Steel Corporation, although his text makes it evident that he knows these include other than steel workers; presents figures of hours in sheet mills, ignoring for the time records of longer hours in six other departments of the industry in the very "source" he is using; and atones for the oversight by adding statistics of hours in puddling mills, which are no part of the steel industry.

To the layman these methods seem peculiar even if they are "in accordance with generally accepted statistical practices." His philipics seem to have done little harm to the conclusions in the Report. He does prove that the document is silent upon long hours in agriculture. He does persuade us that the expression "than in any other industry" is used a little too freely. He does show that the quoted figures do not prove the contention in the Report that there was an increase in hours between 1914 and 1919. This, however, has been pointed out before, and the error may be typographical. He does demonstrate that the figures quoted about increases and decreases in hours in various departments are not true for the industry as a whole. If they refer only to the Pittsburgh district the authors of the Report are at fault for not mentioning the fact. And he does make it perfectly manifest that the conclusions upon wages and hours would have been more accurate had the investigators used materials which were not available at the time. There may perchance be something else in these chapters which is true and valuable. But one who has becomes suspicious can find nothing of so innocent a look that he is willing to accept it without more substantial endorsements than those which make Mr. Olds's title book look like an unworthy promissory note.

The remainder of the formal Analysis merely indicates what can be accomplished with an unruly pen that knows neither taste nor direction. The author announces his intention of annihilating the "five hundred affidavits" that "constitute the rock bottom of the findings," but exorcises them with a few verbal passes. He challenges the existence and, O glorious logic, the competence of the authors of the two diaries from which the Report quotes excerpts about the twelve-hour day. The diarists turn out to be Mr. Whiting Williams and Mr. Charles Rumford Walker. He accuses the Interchurch people of using figures which are "false and manipulated," and proves it by showing that they have applied to the very data which he is using a system of weighting which does not suit his fancy. He paints the abstract glories of a twelve-hour day. Since upon this subject he evidently did not avail himself of "the assistance of numerous officials" "of the Interchurch World Movement," his ignorance of industrial history leaves him with a bare handful of examples. But it is just as well; for, if he had caught a beatific vision of a golden age in the past in which women and children in mine and textile mill were for fourteen to sixteen hours a day acquiring the "individual" and "social" "value of long hard work," he could not remain content with the decadent days in which he lives. His ultimates are forever a "matter of the commonest knowledge," "the strong probability is," his own ipse dixit, the Lusk Committee, nasty words and the testimony of the omniscient, well-meaning and impotent Mr. Elbert H. Gary. If only he could curse quite doughtily. . . .

The last part of the volume tells all over again how the Report was made. Mr. Olds lets it be known many times over that the document was conceived of Bolshevism and born of Radicalism, and that it was sent into the world to lay low the unnamed foundations of an unspecified social structure. In his polemic, words of invective have left no place for those of description. In fact, in trying to make radicalism comprehend every person connected with the Report and every idea not his own, he allows his zeal to spoil an artful job. A term broad enough to include all who do not regard the prevailing system of the business organization of industry as a finality (the phrasing is not his) and to exclude only those who have the current economic order all muddled up with an immutable natural system has no terrors. As he defines the radicals there is nothing for it but to write ourselves as of that company. But, heavens, it leaves us, the damned or the elect as we may be, with most of the important questions in the universe to quarrel about.

All of this, of course, does not suggest an uncritical acceptance of the Report. In all likelihood it is subject to amendment; it may perchance be open to serious revision. It was made at a time when feeling ran high and the value of evidence was little understood by the public. Many of its facts had to be wrung from unwilling witnesses. The U. S. Steel Corporation was using injunctions even to keep evidence from the Federal Trade Commission. The Commission of Inquiry contained several men too new to the ways of machine industry to know just what they sought. Churchmen though they were, they doubtless did not dwell together in intellectual unity. The personnel of the technical staff might have lost nothing by the addition of an economist of an analytical turn of mind. Even the casual reader needs the help of no higher critic to detect more than one hand in the Report. A really critical method, an access to more ample data, and an honest purpose might well result in a larger knowledge about the steel strike. But it seems unlikely that any revision will rob the Report of its real value. It will remain a document that presented a crude approximation of what life has to offer to a human being in a basic industry and translates its findings into terms that allow the ordinary

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man to apply his moral judgments to them. So much for the Report.

As for the Analysis it will convert only the converted. Its drab gospel of human bondage to the machine process will prove acceptable only to the Jeremiah W.'s and the Gary's. The effort of the U. S. Steel Corporation to spread this creed by disbursing Mr. Olds's book gratuitously, is doomed to failure. One who with much anguish of spirit has essayed it knows beyond the slightest peradventure that the ordinary pagan will never penetrate even the outer rings of dullness. Even a subsidy generous enough to reduce the corporate surplus to an academic question will prove of little avail. The very attempt proves that the Corporation does not fully understand the doctrines of enlightened self-interest which Mr. Olds expounds for nearly five hundred pages and to which he pays tribute more substantial than lip-service. Someone—was it Mr. Olds?—referred to the management of the U. S. Steel Corporation as enlightened. If this exchange of good money for worthless propaganda is a sample judgment, those who guide its destiny are engaged in a labor of love, or they sit in outer darkness.

WALTON H. HAMILTON.

Field Marshal Conrad

Aus meiner Dienstzeit, 1906-1918, von Feldmarshall Conrad. Erster Band: Die Zeit der Annexionskrise, 1906-1909. Zweiter Band: Die Zeit des libyschen Krieges und des Balkankrieges bis Ende 1912. Vienna: The Rikola Press.

THE sometime Austrian Chief of Staff wields the pen as freely and unrestrainedly as the sword. Part of the bulk of these first thick volumes of his postbellum apologia, however, is made up of an appendix of documents, valuable both to the political and military historian. Before the war he also wrote much, chiefly on tactics. This resulted in an over-emphasis on hasty infantry attack and a consequent neglect of artillery support and of well-considered strategy. As writing books was not a common accomplishment among Austrian officers, Conrad's publications gained him a reputation for cleverness and ability—before the war—which led his clique to hail him as a second Moltke. The elder Moltke, to be sure, was a writer as well as a fighter; the first work from his pen was a translation into German of Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. Conrad is less impersonal and philosophic than Gibbon. The decline and fall of the Hapsburg Empire would appear to be due to the fact that his advice was not taken on diplomatic as well as military affairs. For this versatile man, in his conceptions, was a Bismarck as well as a Moltke, if we are to believe his admiring biographer, Nowak.

Austria-Hungary, as Conrad von Hoetzendorf explains in a good introduction with a map and statistics, was beset by enemies within and without. The Dual Monarchy was doomed therefore, unless it speedily adopted the sovereign remedy—war; not a world war, of course, with simultaneous fighting on four fronts, but a successive crushing of the enemies who would otherwise combine to destroy the polyglot empire. Italy was no longer a loyal ally and would pursue irredentist aims at the first good opportunity; therefore Austria ought to wage a "preventive war" against her before the Italians had increased their armaments to a dangerous point. This Conrad urged repeatedly after 1906. He bitterly regrets that neither Aehrenthal, the Austrian minister of foreign affairs, nor Emperor Francis Joseph nor the German ally could be won to see the wisdom of this means of preserving the Dual Monarchy.

The "Greater Serbia" danger, Conrad was sure, must be grappled with sooner or later if Austria was to avoid disintegration; therefore the sooner the better. Here "thorough" was the word—the military destruction of the Serbian Kingdom and its incorporation in a triune instead of a dual monarchy. Aehrenthal's mere annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina Conrad regarded as a wholly inadequate half measure. He grieved deeply at Germany's securing a peaceful settlement of the annexation crisis in March, 1909, for he had made all preparations for war against Serbia, and this was the best possible occasion, before Russia had sufficiently recovered from the war with Japan to be able to interfere.

Russia was the most serious external danger because of her potential strength; with Russia, therefore, Conrad always sincerely desired to avoid a conflict, if possible. But still he would not hesitate to take up the struggle with her if it was unavoidable and if he was sure of German support. During the years 1906-11, Conrad was held back by Aehrenthal, and much personal friction resulted. But in 1914 the Chief of Staff had his way. Berchtold was ready to "save the Monarchy" through the policy which Conrad advocated. The military preparations which Conrad describes in detail for the campaign against Serbia in 1909 in the annexation crisis were essentially the same as those actually carried out in 1914; they are another piece of evidence that Austria in 1914 hoped and (foolishly) expected that the campaign against Serbia, for which Serajevo served as a convenient pretext, would be short and "localized."

Conrad gives many instances, which would be amusing were they not so tragic for Austria, of the jealousy and conflict of authority between himself, Schönaich, and Aehrenthal, representing respectively the army staff, the War Department, and the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. The unity of purpose and spirit of cooperation so necessary in these departments was conspicuously lacking; this evil grew worse during the war, and was not one of the least causes of the final collapse of the Monarchy. Another interesting personality who appears frequently in these pages but who has remained something of an enigma to historians is the Archduke Francis Ferdinand. It was he who secured the appointment of Conrad as Chief of Staff in 1906. For the most part they saw eye to eye. The intimate, frank correspondence between the two men, which is here printed, lets one look closely into the unfortunate Archduke's character, revealing his suspiciousness, his militarism and his hatred of the Magyars and of all those who opposed increased expenditures for the army and navy. "Do you know what I would do, if I were Emperor?" the Heir Presumptive wrote to the Chief of Staff in 1908; "I would summon Weckerle, Beck, Sieghart and Schönaich and say, 'I'll send you all to the devil unless I have the increase in the number of troops and the pay for the officers of my army within a week,' and I'll wager that I would have it all within twenty-four hours."

For Simon-pure militarism at its best—or worst—there is no better book than this frank revelation of Fieldmarshal Conrad von Hoetzendorf.

SIDNEY B. FAY.

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Political Ideas of the American Revolution

Political Ideas of the American Revolution: Britannic-American Contributions to the Problem of Imperial Organization. 1765-1775, by Randolph Greenfield Adams. North Carolina: Trinity College Press.

AMERICAN Whigs of the pre-revolutionary decade were forced by the new imperialism of Grenville, Townshend and North to construct theories of the colonies' place in the Empire. Their intellectual efforts were not confined, as most people think, to deductions from the Law of Nature and the Social Compact. Many, even of the more radical leaders, were groping for a formula to reconcile colonial autonomy with imperial unity. Such Americans plans of imperial reorganization as saw the light before 1776, are described by Dr. Adams in this book.

For a doctoral dissertation (at the University of Pennsylvania, apparently) it is an able and well-written piece of work. The contents are rather ill-arranged, with considerable repetition. But some of the chapters in themselves are enlightening essays. There is an excellent one on John Adams, whose "eighteenth century mentality grasped the possibilities of twentieth century realization," whose controversy with Daniel Leonard revealed that incompatibility between the inductive and the deductive mind, which split the old Empire. The chapter largely devoted to Lord Camden suggests how badly we need a biography of that statesman. The chapter on the Legal Theories of James Wilson shows the connection between pre-revolutionary discussion, the Federal Constitution of 1787, and the League of Nations. It was James Wilson who, more than any other publicist of the eighteenth century, grasped the germinal idea of federalism; and federalism, we cannot too often repeat, is America's greatest contribution to political theory.

Like most treatises on political theory, Dr. Adams's is written somewhat in vacuo, without consideration of the facts of the period—political beliefs and prejudices are facts—which rendered all attempts at reconciliation through formulas, fruitless. The author agrees with Governor Bernard of Massachusetts-Bay, that "all the political evils in America arise from want of ascertaining the relations between Great Britain and the American Colonies." He does not quote the rest of the letter, where Bernard cites Ireland as a happy example of such ascertainment!

The author scouts Burke's statement that the "silly and wicked attempt to define" the colonial relationship "had been the first and continued cause of their present disunion." But was not Burke right, as usual? Every attempted definition by Parliament such as the Declaratory Act of 1766, gave Virginia the constitutional status of the borough of Little Pidlington. After ten years of such definition, Virginia seceded. Every formula suggested by an American, or a British radical, presupposed a division by Parliament of its sovereign authority. Such regulatory powers over trade as Parliament would be permitted to exercise, would be of grace, and not of right. It is an idle dream to suppose that any Parliament between 1641 and 1841 would have expressly renounced imperial hegemony.

And even since 1841, the Dominions have acquired self-government without any definite theory of their relationship being accepted by Parliament. The genius of the English governing class has been the acceptance of accomplished fact, regardless of theory. The Parliament at Westminster is still the Imperial Parliament; but nobody in the Dominions cares, because the Dominions have always got what they wanted.

That the American colonists were seeking the substance, and not the theory of autonomy, is shown by their ignoring the Declaratory Act of 1766, when the Stamp Act was repealed; and by the second subsidence of agitation, in 1770, when the Townshend duties were repealed. If the North ministry had not upset the balance in the colonial governments, by creating a civil list for royal governors and judges, the Boston tea-party would not have taken place; and if that momentous jettison had been ignored, there would have been no armed rebellion in 1775.

Doubtless the colonists would, sooner or later, have protested against Parliament regulating their trade. In that event, only fresh concessions could have prevented an armed struggle. It would have been a race between free-trade ideas in England, and the growth of commerce and manufactures in the colonies. Probably the latter would have won, for the Thirteen Colonies were more populous in 1775 than Canada sixty years later, than Australia a century later.

After all, the lessons of liberalism are but slowly learned; and the attitude of Lord Lyttleton in 1766, "This is no question of expediency; it is a question of sovereignty until the Americans submit to this Legislature," is more frequent in the world today, and of better repute, than the attitude of those Americans who attempted to weave new theories of government from the basic facts of their life.

S. E. MORRISON.

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The New
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Realism in Fiction

American Realism

REALISM in the United States, like realism everywhere, is a matter of the realist's intention rather than of his success or failure. He cannot be a clear window through which all reality may be seen, for the reason that reality is too vast. He must be not a window but a lens, making far things seem near, making large things seem small, focussing a universe. Nor is reality merely too vast to let him be a window; it is also too complex and at too many points incomprehensible. He must simplify it and interpret it. Moreover, concentration and interpretation, however excellent, are never final processes. One man's or one age's reality may be another man's or another age's romance. Many of the habits of life in England, for instance, which to Henry James had as substantial a look as anything there, to Mark Twain looked like pleasant or picturesque conventions, and no more. Various ugly human facts which Emerson waved aside as immaterial, and which Howells left untouched in his serene record, seem the very stuff of reality to Theodore Dreiser and Sherwood Anderson. How many critics have there not been to argue that the primary phases of love which Whitman celebrates are less essential than the secondary phases which occupy most poets and novelists. The best that can be hoped for among those who think about realism at all is a kind of working agreement as to what is real and what is realistic.

Herein nations as well as individuals are likely to disagree, because of their differences of experience and aspiration. The American realist has in every generation been affected by two items in the national consciousness: the knowledge that the republic originated in revolution and the confidence that its future is assured. These items, working together in the popular mind, have given Americans their peculiar combination of a theoretical belief in experiment with a practical complacency as to what has been accomplished. Against certain of the consequences of this dualism the realistic American has regularly protested. Fenimore Cooper, first native realist of moment, could not lend his voice to the chorus of national vainglory, and in his later novels took his countrymen unsparingly to task for the unloveliness and disorder into which, as he saw it, the republic was falling. Hawthorne, although no politician, was full of quiet protest against current notions: Puritan asceticism, transcendental optimism, standardized morality, the rapture of reform. Whitman and Mark Twain set themselves against the feudal strains surviving in their democracy, determined to chant or laugh them down. Howells, democrat and utopian, founded a school of realism on the principle of equality which holds that the common, even the commonplace, has the first right to be heard in literature, let melodrama and romance be as noisy as they will, as noisy, even, as they were during the excited years which followed the Civil War.

Realism, however, did not display its most typical American aspect until the end of the last century, when it learned from the muckrakers how much there was to be dug up that was true and yet generally overlooked. The journalists of the day, indeed, for the most part gave themselves to the study of civil and municipal and financial corruption, but they had vigorous adjutants among the historians, the critics and the novelists. The three Adams brothers rent veils and shattered idols which had seemed particularly inaccessible. Huneker started the new century on its critical way with his huge appetite for gossip and his gusto which included so much more than had been reputable under the genteel tradition. Stephen Crane and Frank Norris and Jack London, each a protestant in his fashion, insisted on going behind the returns in a search for truth that had been suppressed. Dreiser threw over the whole American system of thought about the meaning of existence, so far as he could manage it, and started to build

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his tower of doubt. H. L. Mencken braided his lash, sharpened his goad, and lifted his mocking voice against all the idealisms and reticences. American life and the American view of life at large were challenged without pity and without remorse.

This latter realism, being a protest, has been conditioned by the facts and attitudes against which it is directed; and they thus indirectly give it whatever special American quality it has. More than by anything else the native realist in this century is vexed by that optimism which contributes to American philosophy its basis and to American conduct its most characteristic technique. He feels that enough, and too much, has been said about what optimism does to make life cheerful, vigorous, effective. He finds himself bound by his loyalty to truth to insist that the American experiment has not entirely succeeded and to advance the explanation, outspoken or implied, that if optimism at its best is a virtue so at its worst it is a vice. His pessimism, however, unlike that of Asia or of parts of Europe, rarely goes to the point of ultimate despair. It is, in all but a few cases, grounded in the confidence which the muckrakers had: that revelation leads to reformation. Exhibit the truth, the American realist believes, and something salutary will be the consequence, as day follows dawn. If he has shifted his front in two decades it has been little more than to turn less toward corruption and more toward stupidity as the natural outcome of optimism.

Novelists and poets, of course, are but occasionally or indirectly concerned with the public life of their times. Their business is largely with the individual man or woman, regarded as in this or that degree typical and so worth studying. The American realist, like his colleagues of all countries, sees that human beings give the bulk of their time to the tasks of staying alive and of leaving life behind them, and so gives the bulk of his time to representing, with endless variations, the art of life and the art of love. Here, as in the matter of optimism, his representations are conditioned by the orthodoxies from which he finds it necessary to dissent. The common attitudes toward those two arts, he finds, in America are more simple, more superficial than almost anywhere else, though the facts are, as elsewhere, full of complexity.

Perhaps it is because life has been easy on the lavish continent that the economic careers of its heroes and heroines of fiction have been traditionally so easy. Not even in nursery tales do brave youths set out more confidently to make their fortunes or contrive more triumphantly to overcome the obstacles which hinder them. The cloak of character, the sword of industry, the boots of perseverance—these exist, according to the average run of novels, in such number that no one has to go without them or, lacking them, to fail. Any man can make his fortune and himself. Perhaps, also, it is because life has become gradually more difficult that fiction has gradually become less hopeful. But the change is due in part to the challenge of the realist. Protesting against the common attitude, he calls attention to certain not uncommon facts. He may, like Robert Herrick, make it clear that easy prosperity is often purchased at a sacrifice of integrity not to be weighed in terms of fortune. He may, like Upton Sinclair, discover in the economic system various subtle plots which accident or environment or tyranny lay against the individual. He may, like Theodore Dreiser, lift the matter out of the simple moral plane to which it ordinarily belongs, and may show the hero thrusting his ruthless bulk in the direction of success at the instigation of no impulse more civil than the will to power. He may, like Sinclair Lewis, draw the conclusion that the price of general comfort is fatness and smugness. However the particular realist interprets the art of life in America, he yet insists in general that the conception held by the public and the public's entertainers is not adequate. Character, in spite of the calm assumption of the nursery tale, is sometimes defeated by craft, and industry by bad health, and perseverance by the malevolent infidelity of fate. The American realist surveys the country for instances of such defeat and admits them to the annals of the poor and the rich.

The art of love in America has been popularly considered as easy a thing as the art of life. The young man seeking his fortune wins a bride by finding it, with only a little additional effort to coax her from a maiden state in which she is guarded by very pregnable kinsmen. Cinderella in thousands of novels goes blithely through the ordeals of the fairy, the ball, the slipper and the prince. Married in the final chapter, the lovers have no opportunity to prove that they could ever do anything but live happily together. Here too the American realist must dissent. While admitting that climate and coeducation, and possibly an earlier scarcity of women, have made the art of love simpler in America than it is in Europe, he knows it has never been as simple as the nursery and the popular magazine believe. He has to study exceptional cases at his peril, for there are watchful societies to do what can be done to suppress him as vicious if he hints that love strikes at lovers outside the chaste fields of matrimony. He has to overcome the amazing lead of Howells, who wrote some forty novels in a dialect of innocence never equalled by any other novelist of his rank. Nevertheless, the realist persists. He refuses any longer to draw love in invariable pink and white. He looks for the deeper colors of passion and for the sharper colors of desire, and uses them in daring combinations. Perhaps, Joseph Hergesheimer suggests, love can storm the stoutest respectability and shatter it. Perhaps, Sherwood Anderson points out, love has subterranean caves and infinite windings through which it can draw the soul and which cannot always be avoided by the exercise of the will or by faith in the proprieties. Perhaps, Edgar Lee Masters illustrates, love, a devastating flame among remote, romantic neighborhoods, is that same thing even among the peaceful villages of the interior of America. Perhaps, James Branch Cabell hints with courtly laughter, love is not always the serious matter it has been considered by serious Americans but is a brief fever, an excuse for gesture and sacrifice and gallantry, then a mere memory, and in time a thing born again with a new object. Love has, indeed, run many a plain and simple course, and it will run it again; but the realists of the present age, seeing that there are plenty of tongues to tell such stories, tell more complex ones.

Thus, in almost all its numerous concerns, American realism shows its colors by the steady way in which it takes exceptions. Reducing such realism to its elements calls less for the study of styles and schools than for the study of the progress of convention and the methods of revolt. By a curiously large number of traits it seems to invite the historian of education to be its critic. Only Robert Frost among the later realists has done his creating quite without argument; even Cabell and Edwin Arlington Robinson, even Willa Cather and Edith Wharton have occasionally struck an evident blow or so in behalf of some neglected doctrine. No consensus of dissent has

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been built up, but one is being erected and in time may hold its ground solidly against the warm waves of national romance. Meanwhile, it is necessary to remember that any thinkable consensus cannot be final. The spirit of mankind, brooding over its relations with the universe, ceaselessly shapes and reshapes the patterns which it sees, ceaselessly crowds the unendurable from its daily consciousness and consoles itself with dreams which it will not scrutinize too closely. Each new hour sees a new task for the realist, who, less easily consoled, finds his occupation in looking for what lies beneath the current dreams and bringing them to light. The kind of realist he is depends upon the temper in which he works; the kind of realism he employs depends upon the kind of romance he wishes to discredit; the kind of romance he faces depends upon the kind of society in which he lives. In this sense alone can any realist be thought of as having national attributes.

CARL VAN DOREN.

A Note on English Realism

SOME years ago I received from a correspondent a vigorous protest against the distortion of the honorable philosophic term, realism, to describe the practice of a sect of mere novelists. I might have pointed out in reply that at least the English use of the word is in harmony with the philosophic doctrine in which the term originated. Realism as the Platonists used it meant the reality of ideal types of which the present world furnishes only an imperfect rendering. Its essence is belief in an unseen universe which gives significance to the actual world of our consciousness, the objects which we see and touch. Now the quality of English realism in fiction which distinguishes it from naturalism is precisely that it regards the actual world as possessing an ulterior significance, and a picture of life as being, not an end in itself, but a means to the appreciation of this significance. Hence we find English realism didactic, moralistic, reformatory, symbolistic, in general concerned not only with representation of the actual but with its interpretation in terms of a meaning or purpose beyond itself. Hence we understand the tendency of English realists to address themselves directly to their audience and to assume responsibility for a personal view of life. Naturalism, on the other hand, is realism disciplined by science to an agnosticism in regard to all that lies beyond the material world, and by artistic theory to the reproduction of that world as an end in itself. It implies not only a formal artistic creed but also a precise aesthetic practice. It is by hypothesis disinterested, objective, impersonal as science itself. There are naturalists in England and realists in France, but in general the distinction corresponds to a difference in national genius. As Brunetière points out in Le Naturalisme Anglais, to the English realists art is made for man, while the French naturalists "conceive neither art nor literature as made for man; but on the contrary man as material delivered by nature to art."

In both England and France the rise of modern realism is closely connected with the emergence of the middle class, but very early the difference to which I have referred becomes discernible. The English middle class was Puritan; and to it the legitimate ends of literature were not beauty and pleasure, but truth and doctrine. Indeed, the demand of truth implied realism in the strict sense, an appeal to readers on the basis of actual fact; and hence we find early writers of fiction constantly claiming documentary authority for their material—Defoe, for instance, insisting that his stories, from Robinson Crusoe on, are records of actual experience, to be discriminated from "novels, romances, and such like stuff." This reliance on external rather than internal validation, on authority rather than art, is one of the flagrant habits of English realism. It becomes more insistent when the unusual and sensational elements of human experience are invoked in the effort to draw from reality the effects of romance. "I feign probabilities; I record improbabilities," wrote Charles Reade, who carried documentation as a method of realism farther than any other English writer. And Dickens, in his preface to Bleak House, solemnly adduces evidence to prove the possibility of death by spontaneous combustion, to which he had sentenced Mr. Krook.

Even more urgent than the demand for truth on the part of the English reading middle class, was the demand for edification. Here again Defoe is typical of English realism in the didactic purpose by which he sought to establish a significance behind his art. That purpose was in his case of two kinds, the successful conduct of life from the point of view of prosperity both in this world and the next, the compromise by which Puritanism perpetuated itself for two centuries in the form of evangelical faith and the nonconformist conscience. Richardson likewise had two lessons to inculcate, virtue and etiquette. With Fielding this curtain of moral purpose becomes so transparent that it is difficult to accuse him of hypocrisy. On the approach of the revolution the didactic and moralistic intention of fiction reasserted itself in overwhelming force; and the ethical justification of realism took on the aspect of political reform, which it held in the social novel of the nineteenth century.

The impression of timidity and hypocrisy which English realism makes by virtue of its reliance on external authority and ethical justification is strengthened by its acceptance of restrictions of subject matter and treatment imposed by ethics rather than art. We find Thackeray, while envying the full length license of Fielding, yielding to the Victorian prudery which limited him, in painting young men, to the bust. It is natural to compare with this complacence the robust defiance of naturalism in demanding the widest freedom in choice of material and, with the single object of conveying the actual impression, shrinking from no application of corroborative detail, whatever its mass or its quality. It is true, in the case of France there is a special reason for this boldness. There the battle of realism was waged largely against classicism, which sub-

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ordinates the use of detail to the production of a total effect, the couleur du fond. Realists and romanticists were united in breaking this restriction in the interest of couleur locale, which became their common rallying cry. In the stress of conflict the inclusion of realities of the most sordid, grotesque or painful sort became an act of faith and a triumph of art, while the phrase "épater les bourgeois" denoted a form of reprisal justifiable in war. In England, on the other hand, where neither the representation of reality nor any other purely artistic conception was accepted as an end in itself, it was inevitable that the limits of realism should become à matter of morality. It is significant that the phrase "art for art's sake" to Anglo-Saxon ears has commonly a contemptuous reference to some indiscretion of the artist in regard to his subject matter.

But while English realism does not present an impressive front of consistent artistic method, it has maintained the quality of this defect in its matter-of-fact recognition of itself for what it is. It is almost jaunty in its refusal to take artistic conventions seriously. Fielding was imperturbably conscious of his actual relation to his characters and his readers. How to extricate his hero from the complications in which he had involved him was the actual problem confronting him in concluding his story to the satisfaction of the reader. Thackeray and Trollope likewise included themselves as novelists in the realism of their view of the world. They insisted on taking their novels literally, the former jesting at his characters as puppets of which he pulled the strings, the latter scouting the mysteries of a plot which could be resolved by a glance at the last page of the book. Now this trait, at first sight of small importance, is really significant of the entire spirit of English realism as opposed to naturalism. For while the latter aims by an artistic process to build up the effect of the actual world, the former seeks to give what Henry James calls an appreciation of experience in that world. While the naturalist holds himself in strict detachment from both the world which he reproduces and the audience to which he presents it, the English realist recognizes himself as a part of his scene and holds the fullest communication with his readers. Hence he can assure them directly of the authentic character of his fact, of his honorable intention in relating it, and of his regret that their prejudices oblige him to some curtailment. His own experience is the medium through which that of his characters appears. In the case of Thackeray it is inseparable from theirs; and, as Mr. Brownell remarks, his subjectivity contributes to the illusion by increasing the objectivity of his creations. George Eliot approached her task with a program which emphasizes the novel as a personal view of life. "My strongest effort is to give a faithful account of men and things as they have mirrored themselves in my mind," she says in Adam Bede. "The mirror is doubtless defective; the outlines will sometimes be disturbed, the reflection faint or confused; but I feel as much bound to tell you as precisely as I can what this reflection is, as if I were in the witness box, narrating my experience on oath." George Eliot is typical of English realists in the fullness of her communication with her reader and her effort through this communication to establish a significance behind her record of experience. Brunetière puts his finger on the human qualities which differentiate her from the French naturalists—her sympathy, her psychological understanding, the solidity of her metaphysic and the largeness of her morality—qualities so much in accord, it may be noted, with the didactic prepossessions of the critic.

In seeking truth of experience it is natural to find English realism making large use of the records of individual life. No other nation has so vast and impressive a literature of biography, and none has drawn its fiction so unreservedly from this source. The very birth of the English novel was due to the biographies of Newgate, which the predecessors of Defoe wrote as a matter of journalism, and from which they easily passed over into fiction. Defoe's own work offers as its chief problem the tracing of the line between memoir and novel, a problem rendered insoluble by the author's uncanny skill in the assumption of a character and the presentation of experience from that point of view. Defoe showed, in this art of impersonation, the quality of the actor. He anticipated Stevenson's criticism in regard to the limits of realistic art: "So far as literature imitates at all it imitates not life but speech; not the facts of human destiny but the emphasis and the suppression with which the human actor tells of them."

Defoe established the biographical novel as the great tradition of English fiction. How dominant this form became is evident from the roll call—Robinson Crusoe, Tom Jones, Roderick Random, Tristram Shandy, Caleb Williams, in the eighteenth century; Pelham, Coningsby, David Copperfield, Jane Eyre, Pendennis, Lavengro, Richard Feverel, in the nineteenth. The diffusion of the spirit and results of scientific inquiry opened to the novel of personal experience a new field of significance. Heredity and environment consciously recognized as factors in evolution give to the realism of Jude the Obscure and The Way of All Flesh a definite intellectual content. Particularly is the latter to be noted as the modern type of the realistic biographical novel, and the forerunner of a series of works as characteristic of the early twentieth century as the educational novel was of the late eighteenth. Such novels as Maugham's Of Human Bondage, Ervine's Changing Winds, Cannan's Young Earnest, Beresford's Jacob Stahl trilogy, Bennett's Clayhanger trilogy, Wells's New Machiavelli, Lawrence's Sons and Lovers, follow the form and method of which Butler's masterpiece set the model.

These novels testify to a change in the form of English realism, but not, I think, in its spirit. They show the breaking down of the limitation of realistic art by restrictions upon its material, and the sweeping away of moralistic conventions—a result to which Butler himself contributed in no small degree. To his thoroughly realistic habit of mind and inveterately challenging disposition the fetishes of evangelical religion and sexual asceticism, which George Eliot had treated so respectfully, went down the wind a little ahead of other ghosts of Mr. Bernard Shaw's laying. These recent novels testify to the direct influence of the French naturalistic school, faithfully reproduced in George Moore's early novels, A Mummer's Wife and Esther Waters. They illustrate recent technical inventions, the substitution of impressionism for enumeration, the investment of detail with esoteric value through symbolism, and especially the method of psychological analysis which in the work of D. H. Lawrence, May Sinclair and Dorothy Richardson justify Mr. Waugh's phrase in regard to "the new realism of the emotions." All these movements, some of them hostile to naturalism, are entirely congruous with the spirit and history of English realism, which now as in the past consists in truth of experience in the actual world brought to the test of significance afforded by the development of human character.

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The Spirit of Scandinavian Realism

"FOR life moves out of a red flare of dreams into a common light of common hours," says William Butler Yeats somewhere. So does literature. Those two lines by a poet rarely counted a realist sum up its entire evolution.

Of course, like life, literature at times longs back to its days of redly flaring dreams. Every so often the pressure of the common hour grows so unbearable that the race yields to that never quite suppressed longing and escapes from the burden of reality into the cloudland of Romance where, in fairy tale manner, all the heart's desires are fulfilled in the end.

For in the beginning was the fairy tale. It is the root of all Romantic literature. But it is the root. It lies in the ground, in the past, in the childhood of the race and of the individual . . . while the tree strains and strives upward and ever upward, toward the centre of all light, toward the sun, toward unclouded reality. For a realist, according to the Encyclopaedia Britannica, is "most properly he who strives to represent the facts exactly as they are."

All literature may be judged a form of "escape," a search for "compensation" in the psycho-analytical sense, and the ultimate goal of such a search, when carried too far, is insanity. It is to avoid that final goal that the analyst and the psychiatrist try to tutor their patients into facing reality as it is, in order that thus it may be conquered. And for the same reason the poet and the critic, each in his own field, strive to wean the race from its enticing but futile, if not actually fatal, day-dreaming in the land of Romance. In a world hovering on the brink of chaos, fact must be placed above fancy, though in the end fancy will be required once more to prevent the fact of the moment from setting itself up as eternal and unalterable. Where insanity is in the air, sanity becomes not only a virtue, but a vital necessity. And the principal mark of sanity is its capacity for telling fact from fancy, and its willingness to let the former rather than the latter dictate its judgments and actions.

But sanity need not be dull or drab or depressing any more than fancy need necessarily be insincere or lying. Nothing is more serious than insanity, and the best cure against a too troublesome fact is a hearty laughter that reduces it to its proper proportions without for a moment attempting to ignore or deny it. The realist can "represent facts exactly as they are" without excluding those that are pleasant or weeping vitriolic tears over those that are not.

In this thought may lie a clue to the specific quality of modern Scandinavian realism. It differs from its counterparts elsewhere by being a little more romantic, one might say—or, one might also say, by being more idealistic. Romance is par preference Celtic. Its modern home is Ireland. Yet the Irish are realists in their own way. If they do not represent facts as they are, they certainly represent them as they see them. When an Irishman describes a cabbage patch as a glorious field of purple blossoms, he does so because his dream-filled fancy places a gorgeously colored and etched glass between his eyes and the patch.

A Scandinavian, on the other hand, grants to the same patch its true color, nature and commonness. He speaks of it soberly, without any dazzling adjectives. But back of the cabbages crowding the patch he sees something else, something finer, something less tangible but more essential, namely the human spirit that can soar upward with a strength and a fervor quite unlimited by the humbleness of the food on which it has to feed.

Just as Romanticism goes back to the fairy tales spun out of the early Celtic mind, so Northern realism goes back to the Sagas written under the shadow of the Pole, where, one might think, the human mind would be more anxious than anywhere else to escape from reality. Without reference to those old records, full of a stately and laconic candor that lends significance to the simplest details of daily life, one cannot hope to grasp the spirit of latter-day Scandinavian realism.

The Sagas were largely what all realistic literature tends to become, namely biography or autobiography. They dealt frankly with human natures made up, as all human natures are, of a mixture of good and bad—the bad ever tending to impress itself on the eye of the beholder more than the good. They bring before us sordid tales of cruelty and treachery and selfishness, but also brave instances of a clinging to truth and right and justice that would not let itself be daunted by fear of man or beasts or gods. Always there runs through them a strain of the thought found in Havamal:

> Man dies, and his kin die,
> And die must his cattle;
> But one thing I know which never dies,
> And that is judgment passed on the dead.

Back of all recording of sordid deeds lies the desire to set examples for the making of men as they should be. And the old Scandinavian ideal of a man was that he should never let himself be daunted by either men or facts. Nor was it enough to face both regardless of consequences. To be a true man, one must also face them with the quiet unconcern distinguishing the free man from the cringing and fearful slave. To do otherwise was to admit one's own final inferiority, which admisssion then would go down to the coming ages as the everlasting epitaph on one failing to assert and uphold his own inherent superiority to all but the gods of fate. To defy, if not to conquer, even those gods, was the highest a man could achieve, thus proving himself a true hero. And little did it matter that he perished in his glorious effort. The sad and grim and sordid facts listed so minutely by the Sagas had for their object not to indict an arraignment against life, and still less to win our pity for the man suffering at the hands of life. They were merely brought in as shadows needed to make the

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full rich sunlight of the hero's manhood still more dazzling.

In the light of these old Nordic ideals, the spirit found in so many modern specimens of Scandinavian realism becomes for the first time intelligible. Take a work like Martin Andersen Nexö's Ditte, for instance. It is hard to imagine a more faithful representation of "facts exactly as they are." These facts, too, have been gathered from social strata so lowly that it is hard for the average reader to take the author's word that such life exists without ceasing to be human. Whether we turn to the rural hut in the first volume, where Ditte spent her childhood, or to the slum barracks in the last volume, where she ended her days, we meet with facts so repulsive in their significance and so quietly candid in their representation, that even the most hardened among us draw back a little as from a contact too harsh to be borne with any preservation of equanimity.

Yet the final impression left by the series of novels grouped around the person of Ditte, Daughter of Man, is neither repulsive nor depressing. From the first page to the last, the main theme of the story is not the horrible character of the facts Ditte has to face throughout her life, but the manner in which she faces them, and what she manages to produce in the way of love and self-sacrifice and enjoyment out of even such forbidding material. If ever there was a woman in the vast realms of fiction who deserved the name of heroine, that woman is Ditte. In her capacity for turning evil into good, she might well be compared with life itself.

Another notable feature of the story about Ditte is that, unlike Daudet's Jack, for instance, she does not go through life as a victim. Existence as now suffered by millions is bad beyond complete description, and at it Nexö has aimed some fierce blows. But the main interest of his book lies elsewhere. A victim Ditte might be, but more of her own nature than of society. Throughout the masterly record of her life, one always feels that had she been different—like her mother, or her stepmother—she might have turned that life of hers into quite a different story. It is the very richness and inclusiveness of her love—a love shining on good and bad like the real sun—that lures her repeatedly from comparative safety into the nethermost depths of insecurity and privation and injustice, but always in such a manner that in her wake the miserable lives of other people seem a little less miserable than they were before she passed. And in the end we think not of what Ditte suffered, but of what she achieved—not of what she seemed to the world above her, but of what she really was—and from the life of this woman, to whom her so-called "betters" gave names not used lightly among squeamish people, we draw lessons so exalted that the most optimistic among us can hardly hope to apply them fully on our own respective planes.

Lastly, the tale of Ditte is never permitted by its author to become one of tears exclusively. Tears there are—we, the readers, will be sure to furnish them—but as chapter follows chapter in Ditte's journey between unwelcome birth and premature death, we laugh much more frequently than we cry. Ditte herself had to laugh quite often as the humorous aspect of some not entirely funny situation struck her sensitive soul. It is thus more than in any other way, perhaps, that Nexö proves himself a true realist. For life, no matter where and how lived, is never woven entirely out of sorrow and suffering. In the midst of its worst moments there break through the general darkness strangely pale, and yet intensely bright, gleams of creature comfort, while into the very vale of death slips that mocking spirit which we have named humor, which manifests and rekindles the ever flickering flame of faith in our own superiority to the very overlords of the universe.

This capacity of the Scandinavians for lending an edge of redeeming ridiculousness to even the most touching tragedy goes back to the old Sagas and the life portrayed by them. It is part of the racial character, in spite of all their introspective brooding. It embodies the spirit of the palely bright summer nights that follow and outweigh the dreariness of their long winters. It was present in Steen Steensen Blicher, the Danish father of modern Scandinavian realism, and it was not lacking in C. J. L. Almquist who, in a wholly different fashion, assumed a similar parental position for Swedish realism. It flourished abundantly in Ibsen, though of that fact we know little or nothing here. Strindberg had it notwithstanding his frequent failures to apply it to his own private life.

But Shakespeare had it, too. It is also a peculiarly Irish trait. It is part and parcel of the Romantic spirit, and one may well deem it a proof positive of the Romantic taint which, as I have already suggested, adheres to almost all current Scandinavian realistic literature. It is this spirit that makes us class Selma Lagerlöf as a pure Romantic, though all her fancies are nothing but slightly sentimentalized facts, and though her doughty cavaliers at Ekeby always remain a gang of parasitic roysterers viewed with the tolerant smile of a sympathetic temperament.

Hamsun has it in the highest degree, and so we doubt also his qualification as a realist, though the truth is merely that he dreamt a little too long in the glamorous realms of Pan to escape the hunger of soul and body that was gnawing at his vitals. But his Isak in The Growth of the Soil might have stepped straight out of one of the old Sagas—a common man who has never known anything but the "common light of common hours," and who nevertheless carries within him a dream so brilliantly flaring that it makes him move through all of life's vicissitudes with the stolid dignity of one consciously headed for a kingdom.

One more feature of current Scandinavian literature needs to be noticed. Realism has from the start dealt chiefly with three dominant themes: sex, social injustice and what might be called individual self-fulfillment. This is true everywhere. But elsewhere the last of these three themes has been rather slighted for the benefit of the other two. Among the Scandinavians, on the other hand, the tendency has been, almost from the first, to move on as rapidly as possible from the relationship of the human self to the other sex and the social group, to its relationship to itself, or—which is the same—to the forces impelling and directing all life.

There is in this tendency no evidence of a return to the antique preoccupation with a mysterious and arbitrary destiny which man has to suffer without ever being able to grasp its inner meaning. Instead one must seek back of it a life philosophy based on the Ibsenian dictum that the meaning of man's destiny, and his first duty to himself as well as to the race and to all life, is to be himself, wholly and fearlessly. In so far as he succeeds, his life is a triumph, no matter how its external course may run or cease to run. And when he fails, there is always in him, because of his faithfulness to the spirit forming the essence of his own self, the salving principle of laughter, by which his defeat may be covered and other strugglers kept from despairing in the face of a game so puzzling as that of life.

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Realism in France

THE connotations of the word "realism" in French literature are so varied that the magnitude of the subject is even greater than appears at first sight. In its later developments realistic literature presented a considerable problem, and a constant source of irritation, to the guardians of the academic portals to Fame. Wherefore, these gentlemen exercised a remarkable ingenuity in the art of evasion and denial, which is responsible very largely for the diversity of opinion as to what realism is, and when it made its appearance in France. When challenged by modern realism they evaded the issue by asserting that it was not modern, and by denying that it was realistic. Thus, as every textbook will show, it was seriously argued that "the real French realists" were Racine, Molière, Boileau, La Bruyère and Lesage. The rise of the Classical School in 1660 was described as a reaction against the Romantic period of the preceding half century. Then followed a didactic era, when theses and theories were the essential, and finally, after an interval of sterility, there came, with Chateaubriand, a renaissance of the imagination. The Romantic movement was born, and it dominated the literary scene until about the middle of the nineteenth century.

It is at this point that we encounter realism as it is understood today. Balzac, who died in 1850, is accepted by all parties to the controversy as the precursor of the movement which was to crystallize in the work of Flaubert, the Goncourt brothers, Emile Zola and the Naturalists. Balzac has been called "a realist in the observation of material facts," but "a Romanticist in his invention of plot and incident," and this dualism in his work accounts, I think, for the strange unanimity of such irreconcilable adversaries as Brunetière and Zola is greeting him as the founder of the Realistic Movement. The mandarins claimed him joyfully, because he served admirably to becloud the issue which the Goncourts, Flaubert and Zola were trying to force to a decision. Zola and his disciples were glad to invoke a venerable name when fighting for their literary lives against a criticism which never ceased to decry them until they died, or renounced their heresies.

Balzac, therefore, is the first name associated in modern French literature with realism, and his work provided material for the species of argument which, as I have said, involves the whole subject in a maze of qualified statements and contradictions. His successor Flaubert, after his death in 1880, was also drawn into the debate for the same purpose, namely to support the thesis of the conservative critics that the modern realists were neither realistic nor modern. Both writers were powerfully influenced by the Romantic Movement, and thus lent themselves to such interpretations as were placed upon them by the conflicting groups of their admirers. Flaubert, however, seemed more definitely to belong to the new school, for several reasons. In the first place, he did set himself deliberately to repress and finally to dominate that exuberant Romantic imagination which he shared with his age. He conceived Madame Bovary in a thoroughly realistic fashion and accomplished his task in strenuous obedience to a theory which was to become the dogma of Naturalism a generation later. In the second place, unlike Balzac, he enjoyed a clash with the official moralists, and at the outset of his career he acquired the halo without which, I suspect, no modern realist is authentic in the eyes of the average reader. When Flaubert was indicted for the immorality of Madame Bovary he was irrevocably committed to the company—since so numerous—of those who have made realism synonymous with what we euphemistically call in English "unpleasant."

Flaubert, however, was acquitted; in due course his sins were forgiven, and he became a respectable figure, to be cited by the orthodox, together with Balzac, as an example of what decent realism should be. In this country where French literature is simultaneously suspected by the moralists of outrageous licentiousness, and credited by ingenuous youth with an ideal tolerance of the freedom of the artist, the fortunes of the realistic school from this point onwards are instructive. Balzac having been canonized, and Flaubert being accepted for his Romanticism tempered by realism, it might be imagined that the course of true literature ran smooth. It did not, however, for there continued an extraordinary confusion as to what a realist really was. Brunetière actually discussed Rhoda Broughton in the same category as Flaubert, Zola and Maupassant, while Dickens, George Eliot and George Sand were — and still are — cited in every well-behaved literary manual in discussions of realism.

In the circumstances, it is not surprising that, when a generation arose with a literature corresponding exactly to what the outside world now understands by French realism, the battle of Madame Bovary was resumed with intense vigor. The protagonist of this struggle was, of course, Emile Zola, whose name and influence have loomed larger in America, England and Germany than those of any of his predecessors or contemporaries in the Realistic Movement. Nevertheless, amongst both will be found men who never wrote worse than he, and several whose craftsmanship was vastly superior to his.

Let us begin with his own avatars. As early as 1847 there was Champfleury's Chien-Caillou, which was the first stone to be thrown at Romanticism by the actual pioneers in the campaign subsequently led by Zola. These pioneers were three gentlemen of whom I need name only one, since his fame in this connection has survived him, Edmond Duranty, whose best novel, La Cause du Beau Guillaume, has recently been republished in Paris. During the early years of the Second Empire Duranty and his friends published a periodical whose title, Le Réalisme, was in itself a manifesto. When the first of its six numbers appeared in 1856, Flaubert had not yet published Madame Bovary, and the very name of realism was something challenging, heretical, diabolical. Duranty had little to offer except his belief that a new literary epoch was imminent, that Champ-

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fleury was its precursor, and that Romanticism was anathema.

When Zola was a young and unknown employee at the publisher Hachette's he came in contact with Duranty, who published La Cause du Beau Guillaume with that firm in 1862, at a time when Zola himself had not even issued his Contes à Ninon. Later Zola paid a brief tribute to this interesting and neglected figure in the history of modern French fiction, citing from Le Réalisme the formula which so largely anticipated the program of the Naturalists: "Realism aims at an exact, complete and honest reproduction of the social environment, of the age in which the author lives, because such studies are justified by reason, by the demands made by public interest and understanding, and because they are free from falsehood and deception. This reproduction should be as simple as possible so that all may understand it." Zola accepts this definition of purpose, merely extending it to include all classes of society, for he contends that Duranty's realism was too much restricted to the middle-classes. Champfleury, however, was not a writer of sufficient stature to bear the brunt of such a program, and by one of those ironies of literary history which are so delightful, Flaubert's Madame Bovary received only a brief and not very appreciatory notice in Le Réalisme, which thus died without being aware that it had witnessed the first serious breach in the ramparts it had attempted to storm.

Although Zola's earliest fiction was too unorthodox for Hachette, who refused one of the stories in the Contes à Ninon, and although his first novel, La Confession de Claude, in 1865, outraged the pruderies of the Empire, he had not yet produced the great work which was to place him at the head of the realists, now christened Naturalists, in accordance with his scientific theories. That work was L'Assommoir, published in 1877, and the first big success of the twenty volumes of the Rougon-Macquart series. This is a date in Zola's evolution, but in the history of French realism that date was anticipated by Edmond and Jules de Goncourt in 1865, when their Germinie Lacerteux appeared. They were the real successors of Flaubert, and they had actually formulated the whole doctrine of Naturalism when they wrote, in 1864: "The novel of today is composed from documents, received by word of mouth or taken direct from nature, just as history is composed from written documents. Historians write narratives of the past, novelists narratives of the present."

Germinie Lacerteux contained a preface which is regarded as a document of historic importance, not only because it emphasizes the revolutionary character of the novel itself, but also because it lays down the theory of Naturalism. "The public like novels that are untrue. This is a true novel. They like books which seem to take them into society: this work comes from the streets. This is a clinical study of love. The public like harmless and comforting stories, adventures that end happily, ideas which disturb neither their digestion nor their peace of mind. Nowadays, when the novel has assumed the studies and the duties of science, it may claim the liberty and frankness of science." When this manifesto appeared Zola was an obscure journalist, and in a provincial paper he wrote one of the earliest of the few favorable reviews which the book received. The comments were, in the main, exceedingly violent in their hostility. "Putrid literature," cried one pundit, while a notorious pornographer described the book as "sculptured slime." Flaubert, however, was enthusiastic, and declared that "the great question of realism was never so frankly propounded." Sainte-Beuve realized that a new aesthetic was needed to criticise the new literature.

However, he kept this opinion and his appreciation of the book for the private consumption of his friends, following the precedent he had set for himself in the more delicate affair of Les Fleurs du Mal. The result is that, to this day, the Goncourts are viewed with a cold eye in academic circles. Even in Professor Saintsbury's enormous and catholic survey of the French novel they receive a few intolerant paragraphs, in which indignation takes the place of criticism and historical perspective. Zola himself, for some reason, escapes with milder censure, although his debt to the Goncourt brothers is obvious, the difference between the authors of Germinie Lacerteux and the author of L'Assommoir being that the former were artists, whereas the latter was a reporter. The Goncourts had a style and an aesthetic. Zola's style consisted in his having none, and for an aesthetic he substituted a scientific superstition.

Needless to say, it was Zola, not Edmond de Goncourt, who enjoyed the popular fame which for some years was the reward of the realistic novelists. To the end Goncourt, who outlived his brother Jules by a whole generation, was the object of an incredible vendetta. It seemed as if neither the mob nor its masters could pardon him for being a perfect man of letters, happily independent of the exigencies of his critics or his potential patrons. Zola, on the other hand, threw himself into the struggle which the Goncourts disdained. The critics wildly denounced each book of the Rougon-Macquart series as it appeared, as they had begun, in 1868, by fulminating against his earliest novel of importance, Thérèse Raquin. Alphonse Daudet was kindly treated, as the tame realist who managed to be so much more gentleman-like than his terrible friends and literary confrères, Zola, Huysmans, Paul Alexis, Henry Céard and the Goncourts. But the strange fact remained that Zola's readers surpassed those of Daudet in number, and the sales of such books as Nana and La Débâcle were rivalled only by those of the estimable George Ohnet.

Everything tended to constitute Zola the leader and spokesman of what was now known as Naturalism. He came forward with his flock around him in 1880, when the celebrated collection of stories, Les Soirées de Médan, was published under the aegis of the master. In addition to that of Zola, some of the five other names in that volume are still remembered, such as Huysmans and Maupassant; Léon Hennique and Paul Alexis are forgotten, though George Moore re-told the one story of Alexis, La Fin de Lucie Pellegrin, which deserves to survive. Henry Céard, who is a member of the Academy Goncourt, and one of the few remaining members of the original Goncourt circle, has never had the fame outside his own country to which that sardonic little masterpiece, Une Belle Journée, entitles him. It will soon be issued here in an English translation, and then we may see whether Céard may yet be counted with Huysmans and Maupassant amongst those whom we in this country owe to the Médan group.

If only because, with Boule de Suif, it introduced Maupassant, Les Soirées de Médan contained enough to justify its existence, and to impose the new generation of realists upon the attention of public and critics alike. It presented six writers who were to play a considerable part in current French literature for a decade or more, and of whom two, Maupassant and Huysmans, outlived the merely transient fame attaching to the work of a challenging school. Moreover, the arrival of recruits was not delayed, and soon to

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those names were added Camille Lemonnier, Octave Mirbeau, J. H. Rosny, Paul Adam, Lucien Descaves and the brothers Margueritte, to mention a few which will be familiar to the general reader of today. These writers all gravitated around Zola, and the formula of the experimental novel, with its scientific observation of facts, its exact documentation, its objective study of social environment, seemed to be assured of success.

England and Germany were translating Zola, George Moore in London and Michael Georg Conrad in Munich were imitating him, and the upholders of morals and traditions at home and abroad were up in arms against this literary Antichrist. Not only did the professors like Brunetière recoil in terror, but critics as urbane as Lemaître and Anatole France were troubled. France, in particular, was desperately aggrieved by the lack of patriotism in Abel Hermant (now repentant and in turn the censor of that venerable radical), and deeply offended by the salaciousness and indecencies of such works as La Terre. All that suburban moralists abhor in the younger generation in America today was duly abhorred and castigated in Zola and his followers during the last quarter of the nineteenth century. With a virtuous indignation worthy of a contemporary Society of Authors holding its skirts aloof from a Dreiser or a Cabell, a group of schismatics in the ranks of Naturalism turned upon Zola, and provided us with one of the best jokes in the history of French literature.

In Le Figaro of the 18th August, 1887, shortly after the publication of La Terre, there appeared "The Manifesto of the Five". The signatories were Paul Bonnetain, J. H. Rosny, Lucien Descaves, Paul Margueritte and Gustave Guiches, and they solemnly recorded their sternest disapproval of the master, whom they had weighed in the balance both of morals and aesthetics and found wanting. In order to appreciate the charm of their virtuous censure of Zola, one must know that Bonnetain had acquired fame as the author of a novel whose theme was onanism, J. H. Rosny had in that very year published L'Immolation, a novel of incest, Paul Margueritte was the author of a Lesbian masterpiece, entitled Tous Quatre, while neither Guiches nor Descaves could have been translated without considerable bowdlerization. However, they proceeded to a formal indictment of their literary progenitor, accusing him of having lowered the standard of Naturalism, of catering to large sales by deliberate obscenities, of being a morbid and impotent hypochondriac, incapable of taking a sane and healthy view of mankind. They freely referred to Zola's physiological weaknesses and expressed the utmost horror at the crudeness of La Terre.

At the same time they did not ignore the literary side of their brief for the prosecution. His experimental novels based on documentation are described as the work of a man "armed with faked documents picked up at third hand, full of Hugoesque bombast ... and lapsing into perpetual repetition and stereotyped phrases." The observation in La Terre is "superficial, its technique old-fashioned, and the narrative is vulgar and commonplace, while the filthiness is exaggerated ... the Master has descended to the lowest depths of dirtiness." Therefore, they conclude, "we energetically repudiate this imposture on real literature ... we repudiate these rhetorical mouthpieces, these gigantic, superhuman and incredible figures, devoid of all subtlety, projected brutally, in heavy masses, upon scenes viewed in chance glimpses from the windows of express trains ... we refuse to be parties to a shameful degeneration."

Thus ended a glorious adventure in realism, perhaps the greatest deliberate effort of the school in any country to impose its aesthetic and to alter the course of literary evolution by violent effort. The Five formulated in their literary criticism the substance of our judgment today on the work of Zola and his disciples. The scientific notation of life is an illusion, and when an illusory theory is allied to an execrable style, the result is a foregone conclusion. It was left, however, to writers not one whit less improper, in the moralists' sense, than those they attacked, to break the spell of Naturalism, not by producing "realistic" novels in the manner of Rhoda Broughton, but by throwing over the preposterous convention which was the real offence of Zola against literature. The names that will survive from that period, between the death of Balzac and the decline of Zola in the last years of the nineties, are those of writers like Flaubert, the Goncourts, and Maupassant, whose genius transcended the limitations of the realistic dogma.

Yet, it is still on moral and not upon aesthetic grounds that realism is impugned. In English-speaking countries the term is synonymous, in the popular mind, with literature that is unpleasant and more or less obscene. To such an extent is this convention accepted, even unconsciously, by those who theoretically know better, that a French work which is not avowedly realistic, which treats of psychological and spiritual rather than physical and material conditions, may with impunity emulate the strangest aberrations of the much decried Naturalists. Marcel Proust's astonishing epic of sexual inversion, though not lacking in the crudest details, receives tributes of admiration from English and American critics who endorse the recent condemnation of Victor Margueritte's La Garçonne. Yet, the latter is nothing more than a typical volume amongst many which have recently far exceeded its frankness in describing the sexual life of a certain type of woman. Let us recall that time, more than thirty years ago, when Paul Margueritte was seized with a moral fervor ostensibly as genuine, and inherently as ridiculous, as that of which the surviving brother is now the victim. These incidents have only the remotest concern with literature.

At the present time realism in French literature is in abeyance. Its exponents are chiefly the survivors of the Naturalistic period: Céard, Victor Margueritte, Lucien Descaves and Paul Adam, to whom must be added the isolated creator of Jean Christophe. The younger men who may be counted as the continuators of the realistic tradition are not numerous, for they are separated from their literary forbears by the Symbolist generation, whose fiction cannot be called realistic, although Anglo-Saxon virtue would blush at the charming impudicity of Henri de Régnier's novels, were he not protected by that unwritten law in favor of those who have no specific purpose in exhibiting "human documents." A few names deserve mention among the contemporary realists, Gaston Chérau, with his Champi-Tortu; Léon Werth with La Maison Blanche; Roger Martin du Gard with Les Thibault.

Realism, as it has thus evolved, more closely approximates to the English variety; it has shed its exuberances and modified its crudities, for it is no longer bemused by the pseudo-science of Zola. Such excesses as used to interrupt the easy flow of French fiction are disappearing, to make way for the very different experiments of impres-

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sionists like Jean Giraudoux and the fantastic adventures of Francis Carco, André Salmon and Pierre MacOrlan. Such incidents as the expulsion of Victor Margueritte from the order of the Legion of Honour have no literary significance. Only extreme innocence of the character of the works which have simultaneously passed unnoticed can account for the foreign comment upon La Garçonne. No legal proceedings, it will be noticed, have been instituted. We are far from the heroic period of Flaubert or even Zola. Realism, in that peculiar Anglo-Saxon connotation of the word, is a dead issue in France. That is why French critics who are aware of the real import of Proust's A la Recherche du Temps Perdu have wasted no inappropriate zeal in repudiating Victor Margueritte. Ils en ont vu bien d'autres!

ERNEST BOYD.

The Realism of Russian Literature

REALISM, which is a literary method as old as literature itself, became conscious of itself less than a hundred years ago. Naturally, it was in France, most conscious and least profound of great nations, that this realization of realism took place. The first conscious and theoretical realists called themselves Romantics. Prosper Mérimée, in his famous little essay on his friend Stendhal, tells us how even before the 1830's, they insisted on "what we called in the Romantic jargon of those days, 'local colour'."

"Local colour" is the essence of realism. In opposition to the vague generality in time and space affected by classicism, it localizes, it particularizes, it refuses to abstract from human life. Under this sign Russian literature, which is wholly of the nineteenth century, was born.

But when we speak of Russian realism, we intend more than a reference to a literary method which is common to the whole of Russian and much Western prose fiction. We are, though we may not be quite conscious of it, hinting at the quality of the Russian consciousness which makes the realistic method necessary for it, in a sense and to a degree in which it has not been felt necessary by writers of other nations. The Russian writers, we feel, are the realistics par excellence; more vaguely, we feel that no other method has been possible for them; we know that they have achieved the greatest and most permanent triumphs in the kind.

We are thus faced at once with the problem of the Russian mind. The questions to which we seek an answer are the questions: Why is realism so natural to the Russian mind? And, Why is Russian realism so different in its whole effect and impression from the realism of the West?

The Russian mind (or at least the mind of Russian literature) is not merely free from moral prejudice, but profoundly averse to moral judgment of any kind. It has what some people nowadays would call a scientific attitude towards the conduct of men, but it did not reach it by way of the scientific outlook; and, as a matter of fact, the spirit of Russian tolerance is as remote from scientific indifference as it is from the Anglo-Saxon spirit of toleration. The Russian eye sees humanity in a warm light; science in a bright, but cold one: on the other hand our Anglo-Saxon toleration is a practical and political virtue. We hesitate to interfere, but do not hesitate to condemn. The Russian would hesitate to condemn, but he would not hesitate to interfere. Our wisdom has been acquired by centuries of political experience and experiment: the wisdom of the Russian mind, of another kind than ours, hangs round it like a cloud of glory and cometh from afar. Hence we have the paradox, that a people which has more than any other a spirit of tolerence almost divine, has only the most rudimentary conception of personal freedom as we understand it.

Entering into the Russian mind is like entering a world of another spiritual dimension. There is a strangeness everywhere. Everything is exciting, and everything is odd; and one is conscious intuitively of a logic which holds this unfamiliar universe together, yet one finds it hard to give a clear statement of its laws. I mean that the difference between the Russian attitude and our own is both simple and profound. To share it, we have only to look on life with changed eyes; but to render an account of the change that is necessary is more difficult than to make it.

This instinctive suspension of moral judgment I have tried to describe leads straight to some strange consequences. The Russian, as much as any and more than most, is conscious of the presence of pain and evil in the world; but he is far less able than another to ascribe it to guilt in the individual. He is forced to believe in an evil and a good which are absolute. Rather, I should say, this is what he desires to believe in. This is the kind of certainty in which his mind could rest; and the desire to discover such a certainty is, I believe, the driving impulse in those great Russian writers whom their countrymen so simply and superbly name "God-seekers." Dostoyevsky lavished his creative powers on imaginary embodiments of this type—men who deliberately violate the moral law, who consciously trample their own consciences, in order to discover whether retribution will follow. Will God punish them to prove that He exists? Behind it all is the feeling: if man may not condemn, God must: if God does not condemn, there is no God. Ah, yes, it may be said, but the Russian idea of religion, of Christianity, is less terrible than that: the real Christianity of Russia is based on the belief that God is love. That also is true. The Russian mind does instinctively fasten upon the figure of the Christ, who is, in a sense, the incarnation of the highest Russian morality. But the distinction which all men in some measure feel between Christ and God, the Russian pushes to an extreme. He sets such value on Christ the man that he cannot truly conceive Him as Christ the God. The God for whom the "God-seekers" spend their lives in searching is He to whom Christ called at the last, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"

These remarks on religion are inevitable, because the

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figure of Christ has a cardinal importance for the Russian attitude, on which Russian realism depends. Tolstoy and Dostoyevsky, whose imaginations were haunted by Him, were in this, as in so much else, only the great types of the Russian spirit. The great Russians are so often men of whom Dostoyevsky's words hold good: "They love Christ so much that Christianity is impossible for them." Still, we must regard the impulse of the "God-seekers" more generally as a particular form of the Russian hunger for an absolute.

One might almost say: the Russian hunger for absolutism. The Russian mind contemplates a world in which it cannot judge and cannot condemn. Someone must, however, judge and condemn, if life is to be practicable at all. So the Russian mind is often content, in temporal affairs, to leave the power of judgment and condemnation to an arbitrary authority: it is prepared, if need be, to find a spiritual justification for it, as Dostoyevsky did. And nearly all the great Russian writers have been in their hearts political indifferentists. This attitude of theirs, it seems to me, is only a practical manifestation of the desire which is constant in the Russian mind—the desire for a certainty that cannot be questioned. Life, as the Russian mind sees it, is infinitely fluid: not a checker of black and white, of good and evil, but a vast expanse of shining gray. In life, the Russian mind takes everything for granted; it sees the excuse for everything. But it makes up for this instinctive tolerance by an amazing dogmatical rigidity where we might least expect it—in intellectual things. A political theory can become in Russia as sacred as the Divine word, and we have lately seen one propagated with all the inquisitorial appurtenances of fire and sword. Again, Dostoyevsky could be monstrously unjust to Turgenev simply because Turgenev believed that Russia might learn a good deal from Western Europe. And yet again Tolstoy could be monstrously unjust to the whole mind of man simply because, in his hunger for an absolute, he had decided to find one in the soul of the peasant. Any one who reads Tolstoy's What is Art? or Dostoyevsky's attacks on the Westerners apart from their novels, would conclude that a great Russian writer is necessarily a great bigot.

He would be wrong, hopelessly wrong. The intellectual dogmatism of the Russian mind is in inverse proportion to the tolerance of the Russian soul: it is also, as I have tried to indicate, a consequence of it. The Russian pardons so much that when he does try to condemn, he cannot be judicial: the attitude is foreign to him.

But Russian dogmatism is a secondary quality. It is peculiar and disconcerting, and for that reason worth attention, but it is not an essential quality of Russian literature. It is the product of a desperate reaction of the Russian spirit against its own instincts. The Russian writer grows weary of accepting everything; he feels that he is removed only by a hair's breadth from accepting nothing—that universal sympathy is next door to nihilism, as it is—and he clutches at a certainty in the hope of repose. But he finds no repose. The Russian spirit cannot repose. It is restless, and wanders over the face of the earth, seeking a home in vain. When Dostoyevsky said that the Russian wanderer needs the happiness of all men to find his own peace, he spoke the truth. But the truth is double-edged. We may regard it either as a statement of the deep disinterestedness of the Russian spirit, or of the hopelessness of its efforts. A man who depends for his happiness on the happiness of mankind is doomed to misery; he will be all his days a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.

Here, I think, we touch on the central point of Russian realism, the secret of its fascination and its significance. Complete acceptance—nihilism; these are the two poles of the Russian spirit. They belong to each other, they are aspects of the same reality; and both alike are strange to us. The range of Russian literature is greater than that to which we are normally accustomed. I carefully refrain from saying that it is greater than the actual range of Western literature. I can perhaps put the relation best in this way. There are notes at the upper and lower end of the keyboard which are not habitually sounded in Western literature, and these are constantly sounded in Russian literature. The upper notes have the direct relation to the lower notes that intellectual comprehension has to factual experience; they depend for their existence upon them. But it is difficult to sound them both except in literature that is representative, that is, in the drama or the novel. In pure poetry it is possible only to sound the upper notes. When English poetry had its most comprehensive form, when it was dramatic, both the upper and the lower notes were sounded—in Shakespeare supremely, but in some of the other Elizabethan dramatists also, in Marlowe at moments, in Webster at moments, and sometimes in Ford. But in our other great literary period, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, which was a period of non-dramatic poetry, only the upper notes are sounded. And we do not pay a great deal of attention to them because they are isolated; they have not the dark volume of the lower notes evidently behind them to drive their significance home to us. And perhaps we have no writer save Shakespeare who has expressed, in the sense in which Tolstoy and Dostoyevsky and Tchehov express it in both the upper and the lower register, an attitude of complete acceptance, that is to say, an apprehension of human life as something which in all its manifestations exists in its own right.

"Do not forswear the beggar's wallet or the prison," says an old Russian proverb. And, though we may think of many Western writers besides Shakespeare who have not forsworn the beggar's wallet or the prison, if we look more closely, we shall find that they were conscious, in spite of their seeming acceptance of the underworld, that it was another world than their own. They may have crossed the dividing line, but they never forget that the dividing line is there, separating the sheep from the goats, the good from the bad, the successful from the unsuccessful. They are aware of their own condescension. But the Russian writer is not. His difficulty is not to forget that the dividing line exists, but to believe in its existence at all. "To judge between good and bad, between successful and unsuccessful," says Tchehov somewhere in his letters, "would need the eye of God." You have to take that literally: it means that a man, precisely because he is a man, cannot judge.

It is because of this inability to judge, this instinctive refusal to condemn, that realism is so much more than a literary method for the Russian; it is the natural expression of the Russian spirit, a mode of his consciousness. We may put it otherwise by saying that the Russian mind does not naturally inhabit the world of acts, which is also the world of law—that world which is the great creation of Western civilization. For the Russian mind an act is not a definite, discrete thing: it is, as it were, merely a facet of a thought. The moment you take the emphasis off the act and put it on the mind expressed in the act, the inclination to definite

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moral judgment diminishes: and not only the inclination, but the possibility also. Only so long as it is viewed externally (or legally) does an act remain a thing that we can judge right or wrong with the same positiveness that we pronounce a pillar-box red. Begin to consider acts as parts of thoughts, and certainty vanishes. Thoughts and beliefs may be wrong of course, but, right or wrong, they have a look of inevitability. You begin to feel that a man cannot help thinking in a certain way any more than he can help the color of his hair. If you can make what is for us the difficult leap that separates the act from the thought, you cannot help going farther and seeing the thought as an aspect of personality, and personality as a thing given, ultimate, irreducible, and in some way miraculous and sacred.

This is the native impulse of the Russian mind. It leads directly to realism, but to a realism of a kind which only the exceptional genius of the West can achieve, to a realism tinged neither by protest nor condescension, but animated and inspired by the profound spiritual issues which are inevitable to a contemplation of life so comprehensive and immediate. If we may return to our clumsy metaphor, Russian realism is distinguished first, by the comprehensiveness of its lower register, and second (and perhaps more strangely still) by the responsiveness of the upper register to the demands made upon it by the lower.

J. Middleton Murry.

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